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What Is Hitler Doing?

During the wintry weeks when open warfare flourishes only in the torrid zone, obscure things are happening on the internal fronts. The British, to be sure, continue to drive the Italians back in Libya, Eritrea and East Africa, and the Greeks hold off strong Italian counter-attacks in Albania. But the air war languishes over Britain and Germany, and even sinkings at sea have fallen off. Aside from helping the Italians with a few dive-bombers, what is Hitler doing?

Rumania offers one of the mysteries. A bloody revolt by one wing of the Iron Guard seems to have been suppressed by Premier Antonescu, with the moral help of the German army. It is asserted that the rebels were inspired by the Communists, or by the British, or by the Greeks or the Turks. But they professed loyalty to the Axis and used much of their ferocity in murdering Jews. Did Hitler tacitly encourage the revolt, or at least fail to prevent it, in order to bring to the surface and then wipe out all potential opposition, and so completely subject the nation as a base for a future drive? At any rate, the Turks report that the German army in Rumania is far more than a police force, and is composed as if for ambitious warfare.

Italy, too, is the victim of unexplained events. Most of her eminent commanders have been removed. Foreign Minister Ciano, Il Duce's son-in-law and supposed successor, relinquishes his duties to command an air squadron. The German army occupies much of the country and has taken over the censorship. The Gestapo is there. Mussolini announces a unified German-Italian command. There are unconfirmed rumors of riots in Milan and Turin, put down by the Germans, in which three Italian officers were killed.

The winter may eventually be revealed as the time when Hitler conquered Italy and the Balkans, while Britain was busy with Italian colonies.

Will Mr. Willkie Learn?

During the late campaign, Wendell Willkie argued that the best way to prepare this nation for defense and to help Britain was to give business men their heads. Complete non-interference with private enterprise, he declared, was necessary for full production. Now he is in Britain, seeing how that nation has met its deadly peril. Will Ernest Bevin or Winston Churchill or somebody else tell him what business as usual did there to hamper defense, and what is now being done to business as usual? And will Mr. Willkie tell us when he comes back? If so, his trip will have played a major part in the education of a leading American.

Seventy-one

President Roosevelt began his third term higher in the esteem of his countrymen than at any time during his tenure of the presidency. "Do you in general," the Gallup pollsters asked, "approve of Mr. Roosevelt as President?" The response gave the President the amazingly high figure of 71-percent approval. Even more interesting are the figures indicating the strengthening of Mr. Roosevelt's position since the election, because of his firmer foreign policy. While only five percent who voted for him in 1940 now disapprove of him, 38 percent of those who voted for Willkie now approve

CONTENTS

The Week 131

Editorials

Colonel Lindbergh's World 134
Last of the Primitives 136

General Articles

The Race against Hitler 137
The Future of the Farm . Claude R. Wickard 138
Housing the Defense Worker . T. R. Carskadon 141
Ecce Puer (verse) . . . . . James Joyce 142
The Spirits: 100 Proof . . . Otis Ferguson 143
Snapshots of the Defense Boom . Samuel Grafton 145
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 146
For the Greek Relief . . . . Stark Young 147
A Communication . . . John T. Flynn 148
The Bandwagon 150

Correspondence 151

Books in Review

Jeremiad . . . . . Malcolm Cowley 153
The Will to Learning . . . Eric Estorick 154
What Was Washington Like? . M. R. Werner 155
Collected Waxworks . . . . Otis Ferguson 155
Landscape with Judges . . . Max Lerner 156
Salute to Memory . . . . Griffin Barry 157
Mission Bells Calling . . . Peggy Baird 158
A Reader's List 158

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of Mr. Roosevelt. There is always a danger in reading too much into public-opinion polls. But 71 percent is a good answer not only to Hitler but to his conscious or unconscious stooges in America who say that Mr. Roosevelt is a willful spokesman for a minority group. Next time you hear that one, you can answer it quite briefly. Seventy-one.

Hutchins and the Absolute

It should cause little surprise that President Hutchins of Chicago University has finally come out against the administration's foreign policy, and for the isolationist position. To be sure, he tried very hard in his NBC speech last week to dissociate himself from isolationist, appeasement and totalitarian groups. Yet the direction he has now deliberately taken will speak louder than all his suave disclaimers. It is the direction of those marching columns of America who have thus far placed themselves under the leadership of the Lindberghs, Ford and Kennedy.

One of the things about the sort of crisis we are now passing through is that it cleaves to the very marrow of our philosophies, and lays bare their true inward meaning. Outwardly there would not seem much to link Mr. Hutchins with the forces of appeasement and obstruction in the American emergency. He scorns many of them because they are afraid to fight, or because they want only to save their skins. His own position, he says, is that we are not morally ready to fight because we have not fulfilled our own democracy: hence the President's course is a suicidal one for America. Thus speaks Hutchins the absolutist. And it is worth noting that, whatever their other differences, it is the absolutist philosophies of our time that are united for isolation and appeasement. The Communists and the dogmatic Socialists of the Norman Thomas stripe; the pacifists; the Nazis; the liberal absolutists of the Flynn type; and now the Hutchins brand of neo-Thomas absolutism that speaks and thinks in terms of frozen moral categories. On the other side are the instrumentalists who know our world is not perfect, who know we can use only the instruments at our command, and who are determined to use them in the unending struggle to come closer to a decent world. It is good to note that while President Hutchins has been communing with the absolute, 125 members of his university faculty have come out for the President's policy.

Increased Profits

According to the Standard Statistics Company, 400 large industrial corporations are making 34 percent more money in 1940 than they made in 1939. Most of the major profit increases, however, are concentrated in a small group of aircraft, steel, machinery, chemical and mining companies. Very few companies making or selling consumer goods have shown any material gain. Although a war boom is unquestionably with us, its corporate benefits have thus far been largely confined to companies directly or indirectly affected by war orders.

Comparative earnings of ten typical war-babies follow. These are nine-months earnings, with allowances for the normal income tax but not for the excess-profits tax:

Net Income to Sept. 30	*1940*	*1939*
Anaconda Copper	$22,241,000	$11,613,000
Bethlehem Steel	34,160,000	11,609,000
Curtiss-Wright	8,305,000	4,543,000
E. I. duPont de Nemours	67,928,000	62,978,000
Douglas Aircraft	7,288,000	2,382,000
Republic Steel	12,633,000	3,898,000
Texas Gulf Sulphur	10,091,000	6,704,000
Union Carbide & Carbon	30,976,000	19,151,000
United States Steel	69,418,000	12,390,000
Westinghouse Electric	15,994,000	10,433,000
Total	$279,034,000	$145,704,000

While these companies have been doubling their profits, companies in the consumer-goods business have barely held their own:

Net Income to Sept. 30	*1940*	*1939*
Coca-Cola	20,528,000	$22,597,000
Columbia Broadcasting	3,331,000	3,432,000
Eastman Kodak	9,179,000	8,070,000
General Foods	10,413,000	12,470,000
Marshall Field	5,342,000	4,121,000
National Biscuit	10,796,000	11,618,000
Sherwin Williams[1]	4,828,000	4,468,000
Standard Brands[1]	9,029,000	7,634,000
United Fruit	12,598,000	11,644,000
Wrigley	6,768,000	6,763,000
Total	$92,812,000	$92,817,000

These companies are running $5,000 below their 1939 earnings. Theoretically, no group of corporations can increase their earnings without benefit to all corporations. But so far the guns are doing a good deal better than the butter.

Instead of the Logan-Walter Bill

An important development in our federal government in recent years has been the rise of the independent administrative agency, such as the Federal Trade Commission, Federal Communications Commission or the National Labor Relations Board. These agencies have been under bitter attack from the conservatives in and out of Congress, chiefly for the reason that some of them have served to carry out various aspects of the New Deal. The Logan-Walter bill, passed by the last Congress and vetoed by the President, was an attempt, under the guise of reformation, to cripple these agencies so that most of their usefulness would be destroyed.

Many months ago, a committee was set up through the Attorney General's office to study this question and

[1] 12 months to Sept. 30.

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report; it was headed by Dean Acheson, who has just been appointed Assistant Secretary of State. This report has now been filed, with several minority opinions. Roughly speaking, it goes about halfway between leaving the situation as it is and the drastic proposals of the Logan-Walter bill. In the effort to separate judicial and administrative functions, a new office of Federal Administrative Procedure would be set up, which would keep a presumably fatherly eye on the individual commissions and bureaus. "Hearing commissioners" would be appointed to deal with disputes between agencies and private citizens; it would be possible to appeal from them to the agency itself, but it is assumed that such appeal would be rather less likely than at present. The other recommendations are in the direction of simplified procedure, standardized rules, and fair warning of an impending decision by an agency.

This proposed plan deserves careful public scrutiny. In some cases, such as that of the National Labor Relations Board, the function of the field examiner or "hearing commissioner" is of great importance, not so much in the instances where he issues an order as in those where he decides to issue none; it would be a serious weakness if the man in the field could prevent contact between a group of workers with a legitimate grievance and the authority of the government as vested in the NLRB. This is, however, a detail that might be safeguarded by congressional action. In general, the Acheson report embodies a sincere and intelligent effort to meet those objections to the administrative agencies that have any merit, and to reject the rest.

Voodoo of 1941

It is hard to believe that in the year 1941 people still take astrology seriously, but they do. Several thousand Americans visit astrologers every day. Many Hollywood movie stars are addicted to this sort of voodoo. Astrological columns appear in numerous newspapers. Commercially, astrology has an annual turnover that probably runs into millions of dollars. The Boston and Cambridge branch of the American Association of Scientific Workers has deemed astrology sufficiently important to issue a statement about it. This statement, reviewing the scientific evidence, asserts that there is no validity whatever to the claims of the astrologers. We have no proof that the planets in any way affect life upon the earth. "It is doubly difficult to suggest a mechanism to account for the influence of the zodiacal signs which continue to change their positions among the stars." Study of the zodiacal birth signs of 2,000 musicians and painters, and a large group of scientists, failed to show any correlation between birth signs and careers.

For ourselves, we like to remember that a Pittsburgh astrological convention predicted no third term for Roosevelt and a 1940 disaster for Hitler. Their first error we acclaim; of the second, we can only say that guessing wrong can be carried too far.

More About Refugees

A number of groups have inquired why they were not mentioned in our article, "Who Aids the Refugee?" (The New Republic, January 13). Although some of them are technically not within the scope of The New Republic's survey, we are glad to publish something about the work they are doing.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise writes that the Congress Refugee Houses, 46-50 West Sixty-eighth Street, New York City, have sheltered 3,000 refugees—120 of them a day—free of charge. The annual budget is $30,000.

Agnes de Lima points out that the New School for Social Research, 66 West Twelfth Street, New York City, has aided outstanding refugee scholars not only in the University in Exile but also by finding places for them in other institutions.

The Committee for Refugee Education, 254 Fourth Avenue, New York City, through and with the help of twenty-one coöperating refugee-aid and educational groups, gives instruction in English. More than 2,000 refugees have attended the classes.

Bernard Flexner, director, informs us that the Palestine Economic Corporation, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, has loaned $25,000,000 to coöperatives and individuals in Palestine in the last sixteen years. Loans are made on a commercial basis, and losses have been only $38,000.

Incidentally, the United Palestine Appeal, 41 East Forty-second Street, New York City, is now attempting to raise funds for a $12,000,000 budget for 1941. This amount will be the American contribution to the Palestine Foundation Fund and the Jewish National Fund, which have played a central role in the agricultural and industrial development of the Jewish National Home. In coöperation with other organizations, the United Palestine Appeal affiliates have helped in the immigration of 280,000 Eastern and Central European Jews to Palestine since 1933. The Zionist Organization of America, Mizrahi, Poalei Zion and Hadassah are all coöperating in the UPA drive. These organizations also carry on independent work in Palestine, as do the Pioneer Women's Organization and several Jewish fraternal and humanitarian groups.

University Behind Barbed Wire

The European war shows every day some new facet of what it is doing to our accustomed world. One of the most interesting is contained in the account given by a recent arrival from Vichy, France, whose name we must withhold. Very little seeps into this country about conditions in the prisoners-of-war internment camps for the former French army now in German

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territory. Our informant, whose knowledge is limited to the officers' camps, reports that the most striking thing about them is the way they maintain an intellectual activity that would do credit to universities. In fact, they are in a sense universities. In them are to be found former professors of archeology, of languages and literature, of history and sociology. And now behind barbed wire they conduct classes and hold discussion groups in these subjects. One could ask no more vivid symbol of the way in which, under the Nazi scourge, Europe has had to shift its intellectual axis from the university to the concentration camp. Even the Nazis have not been able to crush the life of the mind.

50,000,000 Frenchmen?

Marshal Pétain, in his negotiations with Hitler, ought to bear in mind two quotations from German sources, for they show exactly what he can expect if he yields. The first is from the German Leader himself, as written in his Book:

> The wise victor will, if possible, always impose his claims on the defeated people stage by stage, dealing with the people that had grown defeatist, and this is every people which has voluntarily submitted to force. He may then rely on the fact that in not one of these further acts of aggression will there seem to be sufficient reason to take up arms again.

The second quotation, which is more terrifying and even more specific, comes from the military magazine, Deutsche Wehr, and is copied by Professor Schuman in his recent book, "Night Over Europe." Published originally on June 13, 1935, it seems to have been a direct prophecy of what would happen to France exactly five years later:

> Many an apparently Invincible Colossus in reality stands on feet of clay, and what one or two generations ago was impossible has today become possible: with a single powerful blow to break a nation's spiritual backbone, to destroy it forever and trample it in the dust.
>
> Just this is the essence, the numbing aspect of the war of annihilation. The élite lies torn to shreds and poisoned on the battlefields. The survivors, a leaderless, demoralized mob of human beings crushed and broken by nameless horrors and sufferings, by unspeakable terror, stand defenseless and without any will before their victors—clay in the potter's hands. . . . Their number does not matter. . . . Fifty million trembling fellaheen are not more difficult to bring into subjection than five; for many million times nought is still nought.

Announcement

We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has become a Contributing Editor of The New Republic.

News Notes of a Week

Russia came into the news in three countries. In Washington, the "moral embargo" against the sale to Russia of American planes and of American-controlled patents useful in the manufacture of aviation gasoline was lifted by the State Department. In England, the Communist Daily Worker and the newsletter, The Week, were suppressed. In China, General Chiang dissolved the famous Communist Fourth Route Army and held its commander, General Yeh Ting, for trial. The immediate dispute was whether the Fourth Route Army should move to the territory north of the Yangtze River. Chungking troops and Communists apparently fought a bloody battle. . . . Labor Minister Bevin told the House of Commons that civilians were to be registered preparatory to a labor draft. . . . Count Galeazzo Ciano, a lieutenant-colonel of the Italian Royal Air Force and Foreign Minister for the past five years, was sent to the war zone to pilot a plane. Pilot, air force and country all seemed in an unenviable predicament. About 20,000 more Italians soldiers were captured in Tobruk and General Wavell's troops in Eritrea took the railhead of Bisha, breaking the Italian line of second defense.

Lord Halifax, Britain's new ambassador to the United States, arrived on Britain's newest and greatest battleship, the King George V. President Roosevelt, disregarding protocol, went to Annapolis to welcome him. In response to much talk of war aims, Lord Halifax in a press interview said that Britain's first war aim was to win the war. The peace aim, he said, is social, political and economic reconstruction, in which United States collaboration is essential. . . . Sidney Hillman pointed out that of 241 labor disputes in defense industries brought to the attention of the NDAC, only two resulted in stoppages of work, one of them for seven days and the other for two. There have been far fewer strikes than in 1916 or 1917. . . . Leon Henderson, National Defense Commissioner, threatened the lumber industry with federal price control if the cost of lumber did not come down.

Colonel Lindbergh's World

COLONEL LINDBERGH does not want to help Britain win the war. He wants, rather, a negotiated peace; he thinks a victory by Britain would require a long struggle which would leave Europe a shambles. Failure to defeat Hitler would not, he believes, endanger this country, because armed invasion across the Atlantic would not be possible within the visible future.

In spite of the brickbats thrown at our one-time national hero, he has done us a service by adopting a complete and honest position. Most of those who are arguing against the lend-lease bill hide behind equivocations. They say they want to help Britain, but the policies they advocate would deny or delay the help Britain needs now. They do not visualize the best possible alternative to a British victory, by frankly advocating a negotiated peace, and at once. Nor do they

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attempt to justify that conclusion by an estimate of its consequences to the United States.

The Lindbergh position deserves analysis, because it is the logical answer to those who agree with The New Republic in advocating that all necessary risks must be taken in extending support to the British. It deserves analysis, too, because it represents the opinion of a small but powerful minority of Americans—the true American appeasers. Those who agree with the Colonel think we can get along with a Hitlerized Europe and are preparing their minds to do so. Many who are in fact opposed to sufficient aid to Britain do not like to be called appeasers, but if they do not change their minds, the logic of events will eventually push them into the Lindbergh camp.

Much that Colonel Lindbergh says is true. The Germans are extremely powerful; it will probably take a long and heroic effort to defeat them by force of arms. Much suffering would be avoided if it were possible to negotiate a peace. And it is unlikely indeed that Hitler would try to invade this country by air or otherwise as soon as the war in Europe ceased.

Colonel Lindbergh's imagination, however, does not soar very far in exploring the implications of what he proposes. Take, for instance, the words, "negotiated peace." They seem to denote a fair give-and-take, such as might have been achieved during the last war, when the strength of both sides was about equal and the outcome was still in doubt. But under existing circumstances a negotiated peace would be an overwhelming victory for the Axis.

The terms of the Franco-German armistice were "negotiated." Hitler is master of Europe; even Greece maintains her independence only by virtue of the fact that she keeps on fighting. He has an undefeated army, which is immensely more powerful than any other. He has an air force which outnumbers all rivals. The British know that if they stopped fighting now, Hitler could impose his will on them. Never again would they dare to ignore his demands, whether abroad or at home. He certainly would leave them no means of successful opposition. Freedom and the hope of democracy would be lost to them. The British will never ask to negotiate with Hitler unless they are hopelessly defeated. What Colonel Lindbergh is proposing, therefore, is that we help convince the British they have no chance, and so extinguish the last spark of opposition to a totalitarian Europe.

History would not end there. Africa, as a matter of course, would become a dependency of the German Reich. Transfer of Egypt and the colonies would be almost automatic; in South Africa the German influence would quickly gain the upper hand. And has the Colonel thought about Asia? Decision of the war in Europe automatically decides the balance of forces there. China holds out because of the hope of Western pressure on Japan. She could expect nothing more from Britain. We should be compelled to withdraw in order to face eastward. The Netherlands East Indies and Singapore would go. Asia would be partitioned among the Axis members, for the Soviet Union would dare still less than now to oppose either Germany or Japan.

And what about Latin America? There are plenty of native interests, and a large population of Germans and Italians, who would hasten to make use of the jump in Axis prestige. South America normally finds great markets in Europe, and it is full of undeveloped resources that a victorious Germany would lose no time in exploiting. It would not take long for Hitler to extend his influence there. That influence could not be successfully challenged by any Latin American nation without armed assistance from us. But if we tried to fight south of the Equator, we should do so with resources of materials, manufacture, manpower and shipbuilding far inferior to Hitler's, and farther from our bases than he would be from his.

The United States would be, for the first time in its history, genuinely isolated. It would be isolated not merely in political theory, but in military and naval power, trade and culture. In a world immensely narrower than that of 1914, we should be "encircled" in a more rigid sense than the German Reich ever was.

This country would of necessity become militarized as a permanent policy. It would, that is, as long as it cherished its independence. Every hope, every purpose, would be weighed down with the fear of conflict to come—conflict alone against a world bitterly hostile to our ideas and our influence. What that can do to a nation is exemplified in part by the history of the Soviet Union since 1919. Though we might for a time avoid war, the atmosphere we breathed would be poisoned by dread.

And let nobody think that we should avoid internal disruptions. There would be many here who would admire and seek to imitate the fascist way of life. They would advocate compliance with the dominant world forces—as some of them have already begun to do. But with how much stronger and more persuasive a voice! If we listened, our own national genius would be submerged. If we resisted, we should have to compromise democracy by suspicions and suppressions. The history of such social disunion, of its armed divisions, its dictators and counter-dictators, is writ large in Europe today. Should we turn out to be a Rumania? Or more fortunately and heroically, should we eventually fight for our birthright against a whole world?

Colonel Lindbergh fails to see that miraculously we still have a chance to escape all danger of such a prospect. Fortunately, the British are a people who do not know when they are beaten, and are willing to undergo the most bitter sacrifices to defeat their enemy—and ours. All we have to do is to give them the arms. What nation was ever offered an easier choice?

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Last of the Primitives

WHEN a Supreme Court Justice resigns, it is always news, because the job is massive with prestige and power. But when a Justice resigns who has been a feudist rather than a jurist, whose main purpose seems to have been in latter years to hang on until a new President could name his successor, that's hot news.

We refer to Mr. Justice McReynolds, who, after a quarter-century on the Supreme Court, retires as of February 1. Mr. Justice McReynolds has been a gnarled and crotchety figure, and a whole mythology of anecdotes has accordingly grown up around him. Pearson and Allen, in their astringent chapter on him in "Nine Old Men," referred to him as "Scrooge." But John Chamberlain, writing in Fortune about the same time, came much closer when he called him a "primitive." In an age of state capitalism and state socialism, he is in his economics a throwback to the mentality of early capitalism. There have been other judges who have fought hard to make constitutional law the garment of capitalist power: but most of them have known how to furbish their doctrine by adopting at least some of the language of democratic humanism. Not so Mr. Justice McReynolds. Just as he has been uncompromising in his personal relations with the appointees of the President on whom he lavishes so much hate, so he has been uncompromising in his attitude toward the measures of the administration. His has been the perfect record as a Supreme Court reactionary. Even in the TVA case his vote, though solitary, was against the government; and in the Gold Clause cases his extempore speech, when his turn came to read his dissent, sounded like a funeral elegy for an order that was dead. If all the Supreme Court conservatives were like McReynolds, a mechanical Marxism would be the best instrument for interpreting the Court.

But the real conservative forces are much more subtle than McReynolds ever was. And today they can be seen in action on the question of his successor. For some time the choice for the first Court vacancy has been understood to be Attorney General Jackson, whose book on the judicial power is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The talk had been that the President had him in mind to succeed Mr. Chief Justice Hughes when the latter should be ready to resign. But this offers no difficulties: the President could appoint Mr. Jackson now, and promote him to Chief Justice later.

A drive against Mr. Jackson has, however, been developing on other grounds. Mr. Justice McReynolds is from Tennessee, and a movement has been started to get another Southerner appointed to succeed him. Senator Byrnes of South Carolina is the man most talked about. In fact, Washington dispatches assume that Mr. Byrnes is the President's choice. Similarly, another move is on the way to get a Westerner appointed, on the ground that there is no one on the Court today west of the Mississippi. The underlying assumption of both these drives—that the Supreme Court is like Congress, and should be geographically representative—seems to us fallacious. The Court should broadly express the democratic forces in the community. But that is a vertical problem of the American social structure, rather than a horizontal problem of sectionalism.

The fact is that conservatives both inside and outside the Democratic Party would prefer not to see Mr. Jackson on the Court. He has in him the stuff of judicial greatness. He is a top-flight legal mind, has a sure command of the technical economic processes of our society, is steeped in constitutional history. This does not mean we approve of everything he has done. His statement on the Vultee strike was ill advised, and he has not always succeeded in curbing J. Edgar Hoover's influence within the Department. Yet by and large he has done a difficult job well. He would strengthen a Court that is now becoming the greatest in our history.

There is a danger, because many feel that the Court already has a safe liberal majority, that a liberal appointment on this occasion will be deemed unimportant. That is the reasoning which gives someone like Senator Byrnes his best chance. But it is perilous reasoning. Recent decisions have indicated that the liberal majority on issues of economic policy is a slim one of five to four. Mr. Justice Reed shows a tendency to go over to the other side, despite his experience as Solicitor General under the New Deal. Time does things to Justices as to other human beings—as the history of McReynolds himself, originally a Wilson appointee, proves. We fear that Senator Byrnes is all too likely to turn into another McReynolds. He has never been a New Dealer except by protective coloration, and once he is on the Court he will return to his natural hue.

The Court is too important to have its appointments decided by the politics of maneuver. It will continue to need the best technical ability and the broadest human perspectives. Mr. Jackson is the man. The President has the chance, as was said of the appointment of Cardozo, to ignore geography and make history.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Race Against Hitler

The most important thing going on in the world today is the struggle to equip Great Britain with arms of all kinds so that she can be more nearly on an equal footing with Germany in the present war. Herewith The New Republic presents the third of its reports on this effort. – THE EDITORS

WE SHALL GET NOWHERE in our struggle for democratic survival until we realize that this is Hitler's war, fought on his terms, with weapons of his choosing. He has left for the democratic world only two choices: to knuckle under or to fight back with every resource at its command.

It is appalling, therefore, to realize that in the production of steel, the first and great essential of modern warfare, Hitler has built and captured a plant three times larger than the combined resources of Britain and her empire, and that by the most optimistic estimate the United States will soon make up only a fraction of that great and perhaps crucial deficit.

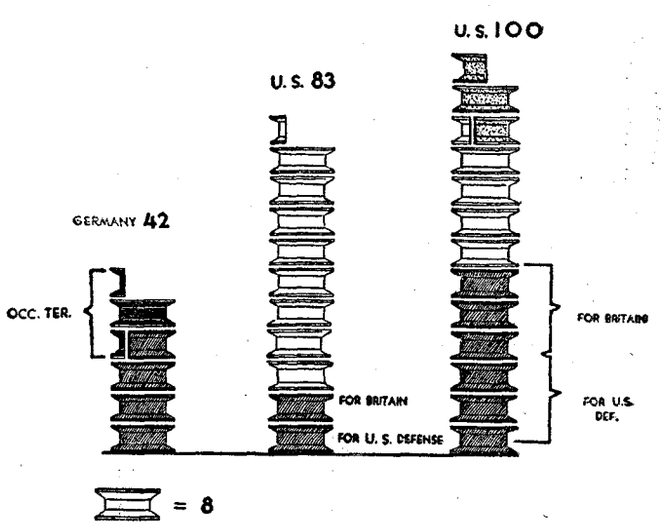
Dr. Fritz Sternberg has warned us that Germany started the war with an annual steel capacity of 25,000,000 tons. We know that she has seized an additional 17,000,000 tons of capacity, plus plenty of raw materials to keep her furnaces going full blast. This captive industry alone is equal to Great Britain's total plant resources. As Dr. Sternberg points out in his book, "Fivefold Aid to Britain—To Save Her and Keep the United States Out of War" (John Day, $1), it is our mills that must not only bring England to equality but give her the margin of superiority.

What is happening? In the first eleven months of 1940, Britain got from us only 3,000,000 tons of iron and steel. We have talked in terms of supplying 8,000,000. If anything is plain, it is that Britain cannot fight 42,000,000 tons of tanks and cannon and aircraft and mines and ships with 25,000,000. To survive, she must hurl back ton for ton; to win, she must gain not only equality but a marked superiority of armaments. What the United States must supply is not 8,000,000 tons, but 20,000,000 or 30,000,000. And instead of 8,000,000, we must build an additional 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 tons annually into our own defenses.

Can we do it? The answer is that we must. We now have an annual capacity of 83,000,000 tons, and an additional 2,000,000-ton capacity is under construction by United States Steel, Bethlehem and Weirton. The American Iron and Steel Institute estimates existing capacity will supply about 950 tons of steel per capita for civilian use in 1941—or about the equal of 1929 consumption—if we deduct for British exports at the present rate of shipment and allow about 3,500,000 tons for our own armaments. If this estimate is correct, anything like an adequate defense effort will require either a radical system of priorities, or enlarged capacity, or both. We cannot defeat Hitler by providing England and ourselves with 8,000,000 tons of armament a year; nor can we do it with twice that amount.

The steel industry is understandably opposed to greatly enlarged capacity. From past experience, it will mean more idle plant when the war is over. But you cannot fight Hitler with experience, or with fear. Nothing must be permitted to impede us in our race for survival, not the thought of waste, nor of decreased profits, nor of the social implications inherent in unused capacity. We cannot afford to repeat the tragic mistake of the Allies in 1938. While Hitler was increasing his steel production 15 percent, France and England decreased theirs by 30 percent.

Steel played a central role in the First World War. The Central Powers entered the War with a capacity of 21,000,000 tons, compared with 19,000,000 for the Allies. Six weeks later the Germans had captured enough French industries to make their superiority much larger. Then, as now, the balance lay with American furnaces. We shipped about 6,000,000 tons of steel to England alone in 1917, and by that time we had of course thrown our entire resources into the struggle. Now, with the odds much more heavily against her, we have begun to furnish Britain only part of what we gave her in the last war, and a still smaller part of what she needs in this new type of war against a better equipped enemy.



The column at left represents Germany's 42,000,000-ton steel-producing capacity, with the heavily shaded area denoting furnaces in the conquered countries. The second column shows present United States capacity of 83,000,000 tons, with the shaded lower portions indicating present use for our armaments and for shipment to Britain. The third column represents the capacity of 100,000,000 tons annually needed for a safe margin. Of this, approximately half should go into British and American armaments.

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The Future of the Farm[1]

WHEN I was growing up on a farm, I doubt if I ever heard the word technology. For me now, however, the clearest introduction to the complexities of the impact of technology on the farm lies in my own boyhood recollections.

Among the clearest of my memories are those of my grade-school days. I attended District No. 3 School, better known as Tadpole School, in Carrollton Township in Carroll County, Indiana. It was a brick, one-room, one-teacher school a half-mile from my home. Most of our teachers were recruited from the neighborhood, and all of the children attending this school lived within a radius of a mile of the schoolhouse.

The attendance averaged about thirty pupils, ranging from six to eighteen years of age. The school term began in mid-September and ended in early March. Some of the older boys never started school in the fall until after the corn was harvested and other fall farm work was done. If there was an early spring, they dropped out as soon as spring plowing started. On clear, frosty fall mornings I have heard ears banging against the bang-boards all over the countryside. The steady thump of ears of corn against the bang-boards resounded through the crisp air and intermittently there was the shout of "whoa" from some man whose horses were pulling his wagon too far ahead.

On the warm, balmy spring mornings, plowmen made the air ring with shouts of "Gee" and "Haw," as they guided their horses with shouts and a single line. Good farmers considered it almost a disgrace to work plow horses with a double line, which enabled the horses to be pulled in any direction. The single line left both hands free to guide the plow, and stentorian shouts of "Gee" and "Haw" guided the team.

I get back home to my farm whenever I can, and on a recent trip someone called the passing of "Tadpole" to my attention. The building itself has disappeared. The school yard has merged into an adjoining field. Not only that; there has been a very marked decrease in the number of children of school age in the neighborhood. The same area in which thirty children lived now contains less than one-third that number. Smaller families may account for a part of this decrease, but the principal cause is fewer families. In that mile radius around Tadpole School there are less than half the number of families that lived there when I learned to read and write. The reasons for this decrease in farm families in my neighborhood are so significant that I would like to discuss them in some detail.

[1] This is the second in the series, "The Next Four Years." The next article, by Fletcher Pratt, will discuss the general military problem of the United States, under the title, "What Can We Defend?" — THE EDITORS

The industrial revolution has come to my home neighborhood as it has come in one form or another to almost every farming community in the United States. The modern farmer employs machinery and improved methods just as they are employed in modern factories. The average farmer today is ten times as efficient as the farmer in 1787. City population has increased rapidly since the Civil War and farm population has decreased in comparison. Yet, our farm plant now could easily feed an urban population 50 percent greater than the 100,000,000 living in towns and cities.

This fact of too many people on the land—that is, too many people under existing conditions—is contrary, perhaps, to popular opinion in the towns and cities. For thousands of people who do not know the true situation, a return to the land is a favorite plan of relieving city unemployment. Such false notions about farming and farm life show that not all of us are informed about the nature of farm problems.

Although they are by no means simple, agriculture's basic problems of today can be expressed simply. The income from agriculture has been dwindling by comparison with the income from other pursuits. If we think of our national income as a pie, agriculture's slice in 1939 was 9.1 percent of the whole pie, compared with a 16.6-percent slice in the five years preceding the First World War. Agriculture's slice has been smaller since the early 1920's than it was in the pre-World War I period.

Agriculture is caught in a vise. One jaw of this vise is inadequate farm income, which means misfortune for thousands upon thousands of individual farmers. The other jaw is the industrial revolution on the farm. Increased efficiency means that fewer farmers are needed, and this means displacement or a descent down the ladder for thousands of individual farmers. Depleted and eroded soil handicaps other thousands.

It is no wonder, then, that we have farm-relief programs. National stability requires them, and they are likely to be necessary for years to come. The nation must see to it that the programs are sound and that they are not only programs in the best interests of agriculture but of the nation as a whole.

II

Until 1933, I made all my living from the farm upon which I lived, and I worked for that living. I know what it means to walk all day behind a plow pulled by a restless team of horses; to pick corn with cold, wet fingers and an aching back; to spread manure by hand and to shock wheat all day under a hot sun. From bitter experience, I know there is no virtue in

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doing things the hard way. Farmers have a saying about a lot of the drudgery that has to be done on the farm. They say all it takes to do these jobs is a strong back and a weak mind.

We need less drudgery on the farm, not more. I would never ask any farmer's wife to give up running water, electric lights, the refrigerator and all the other blessings that electric power brings to the farm. Farmers' wives need more labor-saving devices.

Farming may be a way of life, but it is a business too. We do not discourage the business man from adopting labor-saving devices which mean added efficiency and more profits, although these devices may mean the displacement of workers. We comfort ourselves by saying that the changes eventually will create more instead of fewer jobs. Meanwhile, we try to remedy the immediate hardships by the shorter work week, by social security, more bargaining power for workers and, where all else fails, relief.

In my opinion, we would not want to stop technological progress on the farm, if we could; but we must cushion the shocks resulting from its rapid march, just as we are cushioning the shocks in industry. It is not the fault of technology that the going gets harder and harder for low-income farmers. The fault is our fault. The plenty and abundance which technology has made possible is embarrassing us. Rightly handled and directed, technology will be a blessing to all agriculture. Along with mechanical efficiency we must have social efficiency. But curse or blessing, technology is here to stay. To talk about going back to simpler times and methods is like talking about unscrambling an egg.

Examined in detail, some effects of the industrial revolution on the farm are amazing.

Let me give you three examples:

1. A young Middle Westerner, for example, has improved on the old idea of the threshing crew and is making money out of "custom farming." He operates four large tractors and other expensive equipment, employs eight or more men and contracts to do all kinds of work for farmers over a large area.

2. Farm-management companies, with economists, statisticians, agronomists and other experts, which run farms of any size, any location and type, have appeared in several localities. Salaried city men like the arrangement; they buy farms as investments or speculations, and let a company manage them.

3. In Virginia there were 30,000 fewer farm workers in 1930 than in 1920, but machines enabled the remaining farmers to produce more commercial products than before.

By and large, the effect of machines on the farm is such that a prosperous and efficient farmer adds to his holdings. Medium-sized farms become big farms; small farms become smaller. In the process farmers not able to increase their holdings and buy machines are likely to be pushed off the land. In 1939, 24,700 Corn Belt farm families could not find places to rent or buy. The tendency is for more and more farmers to be forced out of the ordinary pattern of agriculture. A farm, to a farmer, is a place of business and a home; without it, he becomes a tenant, a sharecropper, a migrant, a city dweller on relief.

We have seen trends in industry similar to those I have just described, and we see the results of these industrial trends all around us. The corner grocery has almost disappeared. Chain stores spread over the land. Despite anti-trust and punitive legislation of many types, this tendency toward larger and larger units in industry has continued. The consequences remain to be dealt with just as they must be dealt with in agriculture.

Concentration of holdings in agriculture is puny compared to concentration in industry, but the advance of technology in agriculture has kept pace with that in industry and with similar effects so far as the need for manpower is concerned. Largely because of the use of large-scale equipment, labor requirements in corn production have decreased about 20 percent since the First World War. In some Western cotton areas, labor requirements for cotton production have been cut by a third. Largely because of mechanization, agricultural efficiency has jumped 40 percent since 1910.

New labor-saving machines and new ideas and practices have made farming a business that requires wide knowledge and experience. I mention a few: the all-purpose Diesel-power tractor and tractors of many specialized uses; pneumatic tires for tractors; corn pickers and other harvesters; band fertilizer-placement equipment; electric fences; refinements in progeny testing; new feeding techniques; artificial insemination; hybrid corn; rust-resistant wheat; longer-staple cotton; new sweet-potato varieties; plant hormones; new knowledge of vitamins and growth substances; improvements in land uses like contouring and strip cropping; higher-analysis fertilizers; new ways of processing and using farm products, like community cold-storage lockers and plastics from casein and soy beans; synthetic fibers; alcohol from farm products; and many others. Even without explanation of some of the technical terms, the list emphasizes the new complexity of agriculture.

III

The next few years probably will witness accelerated mechanization on the farm and an increased reliance on technology. Machines alone may displace as many as 500,000 farm workers in the next decade. The number of tractors may jump 30 percent, or to 500,000, in the next decade. If so, we can expect the displacement of an additional 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 horses and mules, in addition to the approximately 10,000,000 already displaced. Besides the 35,000,000 acres thus diverted to other uses or idleness, about

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7,000,000 acres of crop land would be released for commercial crop production.

The planting of hybrid corn has increased rapidly. In 1933, only 40,000 acres were planted to this improved seed; in 1939, there were about 23,500,000 acres, with an average increase in yield of 15 to 20 percent over open-pollinated kinds. From 80 to 85 percent of the corn acreage in the Corn Belt is likely to be in hybrids by 1950, and new hybrids will be developed in other areas.

In the absence of counter influences, we can predict some of the results of these developments.

For those who can buy additional land and can afford the improved techniques and machines, there will be better health, less drudgery and isolation, greater leisure, more chance for recreation, a fuller home life.

But the results for many other farmers are likely to be just the reverse unless someone or something intervenes. Without help from some outside source, the poorer farmers will not be able to take full advantage of technological developments. Many of them are likely to fall farther and farther behind their more fortunate neighbors. Owners would be turned into tenants and tenants into laborers and migrants.

Already this problem of rural unemployment is serious. There are about twelve million farm workers, and perhaps not more than nine millions are actually needed to produce for existing domestic and foreign markets. Despite the beneficial effect of the defense program upon employment generally, there apparently is little likelihood that it will permanently absorb any large part of the farm labor surplus.

To put it bluntly, technology is likely to help the fortunate farmers; but, in the absence of a large-scale effort to cushion its effects, it is likely to hurt the farmers most in need of help. The prospect of this effect upon some low-income farmers is serious from a good many standpoints, including that of the city worker. So far as an expanded outlet for industrial goods and services is concerned, industry's new frontier is the lower-income farm groups.

The displacement of thousands of additional farmers will intensify social problems that already are troublesome. What is to become of these people that are thrust out by society? Through no fault of their own, thousands upon thousands are turned into wanderers who are a problem to themselves and to the people with whom they come into contact. If we are going to preserve democracy we must see to it that the situation of our underprivileged in the country and in the city grows better instead of worse. Nazism and fascism are not the only threats to our way of life. The failure to make democracy work for all can destroy democracy.

What can be done about undesirable effects of the industrial revolution on the farm? Obviously, our national programs to increase farm income and to take better care of our soil should be continued. We cannot solve the problem of the low-income farmer by making every farmer poor. Yet, raising the total farm income, even if it is raised to parity, is not the complete answer. There would still be the problem of the lower third. They would not get parity, even if agriculture as a whole received it. There would still be the problem of the farmers already forced off the land, and farmers that will be forced off the land in the future. And there would still be the problem of the surplus labor backed up on the farm because of industry's failure to expand steadily, as it did prior to 1929.

This failure of industry to expand is a real bottleneck so far as attempts to solve agriculture's problems are concerned. Just now, industry is running at full speed, but the reverse has been true for most of the years since the depression. In 1937, for example, farmers produced more than ever before in history, but industrial production fell 40 percent below normal. Our wants for manufactured articles are limitless. But our ability to satisfy our wants is sharply limited by our purchasing power.

Since 1933, there has been a lot of talk about scarcity in farm programs. This is nonsense. The real scarcity programs have been in industry. Year in and year out, the farmer has continued to produce abundantly, but industry has operated under rigid controls. Industrial prices have remained high by comparison with farm prices. The results are seen in millions unemployed, or living in want in the city and country alike. There will not be any solution to the farm problem until industry produces more abundantly and more cheaply than it has in the past years. How industrial production is to be maintained in normal times, as well as times of emergency, is a question before us all.

But we can't blame industry for all our difficulties. So long as industry fails to absorb the surplus farm population, some way must be found to enable these people to support themselves on the farm. This means programs like the Farm Security Administration's programs. It means the deliberate cultivation of the best type of subsistence farming for some producers. It means sound live-at-home programs and emphasis on better nutrition for farm families. There is no excuse for dietary diseases in farm families. Given the opportunity and the right kind of supervision, they can at least grow enough food to keep them healthy. If people could buy what they need to keep them healthy—and farmers grew it for them—there would be little or no farm surplus and there also would be a place for many farmers who now are on the verge of being pushed off the land. Generally speaking, farmers need to grow more for the home market and less for an export market that may remain closed indefinitely. This means the production of more milk, butter and dairy products; the production of more vegetables, of certain kinds of fruits and of more meats.

I have advocated extending the protection of wages-

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and-hours-legislation to farmers. I see no reason why farm workers and farmers should not have this protection and the protection of other social-security measures now denied them. But we can't extend this protection if we try to take the costs out of an already inadequate farm income.

The farm problem, which can be stated in simple terms, requires a complex solution. After all, the farm problem is a part of our entire economic problem. To solve that problem requires bold thinking and bold action. We have made a good beginning since 1933. That farmers are able to plan and carry out farm programs involving millions of farmers, shows what can be done. These programs are examples of economic democracy. What we have accomplished indicates what can be done to solve the difficulties confronting us.

The solutions will be along the lines of the problems: through county land-use planning, reforms in our system of land tenure, soil conservation, research laboratories, subsistence and security farming, government programs and changes in farm management.

Thus far, agriculture's efforts to find a way out of its difficulties have had the sympathy and help of city people to an extraordinary degree. This help has been responsible for much of the progress that has been made. If this assistance is continued, and if farmers show the same resourcefulness in dealing with their problems that they have shown during the past few years, our further progress is certain.

CLAUDE R. WICKARD

Housing the Defense Worker

TWO LONG-RANGE GAINS seem likely to emerge from the present crisis in defense housing. First is the movement toward low-cost housing. Along with it prefabrication—at least in part—seems about to come out of the laboratory and "model home" stage and get a real trial in actual construction. Perhaps neither movement will reach its full flowering. Certainly neither is due to the defense program alone. None the less, the pressure for adequate shelter for workers in defense industries is furnishing the spark for immediate action.

Consider the matter of cost. If new housing units are to meet defense needs, they must be in a price range that defense workers can afford. A recent research report[1] estimates that "this means a house which should fall in a cost range of from $2,500 to $4,000, including land, for at least a two-bedroom unit, with corresponding monthly rentals of $20 to $35 without light or fuel."

Such houses are now in sight. The twelve projects announced by the government under the Lanham Defense Housing Act include a total of 7,850 family units. These are more than matched by private projects in various parts of the country. Under the dual impetus of government example and the pressure of defense needs on private industry, we are at last getting started in a direction that social and housing philosophers have been urging for years. One of the most hopeful aspects is the chance to demonstrate financial soundness in such operations both for rental and sale, and thus attract continuing investment in the low-cost field.

Too often overlooked is the fact that normal housing needs carry right along into the defense emergency. The National Public Housing Conference has urged that slum-clearance and housing projects for the "lowest third" be not neglected but speeded up. All authorities agree that even in normal times there is an almost unlimited need and market for decent low-cost housing, both for families requiring subsidized housing and those able to pay an economic rent.

As it is now being worked out under pressure of the defense program, the answer seems to involve a large measure of prefabrication. The private housing development near the Bethlehem shipbuilding plant at Dundalk, Maryland (near Baltimore), is making extensive use of plywood structural units. At Norfolk a large governmental project is utilizing steel units, while other types of prefabrication are being tried by private builders in various parts of the country.

In most instances, the construction involves the use of certain units such as sidewalls, kitchen-bathroom panels, roof sections, etc., rather than prefabrication of the entire structure. Nevertheless, the principle of prefabrication—which has been growing slowly for years, with only such items as doors and window frames gaining general acceptance—is getting a genuine trial, in many cases alongside traditional building methods. The scale is large enough to answer some of the basic questions: Will it work? Will it save money? Will it yield a structure pleasing to live in?

In all types of building there is general agreement on the advisability of permanent, rather than temporary construction. Housing of any kind must assure protection from wind, rain, cold, heat and snow and must be suitable for normal family life; and any "temporary" housing meeting these requirements can have but little advantage either in cost or speed of construction. Our World War experience demonstrated that housing intended to be "temporary" almost always turns out to be permanent; and the net result is to leave an aftermath of blight and slum. On the other hand, well planned and well built housing in the low-

[1] Housing for Defense. Research findings by Miles L. Colean and a program for action by the Housing Committee. New York: The Twentieth Century Fund. 198 pages. $1.50.

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cost field not only will help to solve the defense emergency but will give the community a permanent asset.

An interesting compromise between temporary and permanent housing is being advocated in some quarters. The proposal calls for permanent materials but temporary construction—in other words, demountable houses. They could be fabricated on a mass-production basis and set up quickly. When the emergency is over and defense-swollen communities recede to normal, the houses could be unbolted and moved to other centers or stored for future emergency use. A modification of this plan is now being tried in housing families of enlisted men at the Marine Corps base at Quantico, Virginia. It suggests the kind of experimentation that may emerge from the present housing situation.

Great difficulties have developed, especially in the more isolated defense centers. Rent-gouging, crowded boarding houses, makeshift quarters in lodge halls and other evils and abuses of World War days have reappeared in some communities. Along with them are such modern items as insanitary trailer camps and packing-box settlements of the "Okie" type. These are not for the poverty-stricken dispossessed, but for relatively well paid workers for whom no other shelter exists.

Among the hard-hit communities are medium-sized industrial centers such as Hartford, Connecticut; the arsenal towns, notably Rock Island, Illinois; munitions plants such as the new du Pont establishment at Charlestown, Indiana; and most especially navy-yard and shipbuilding centers such as Bremerton (Washington), Newport News, Camden, Quincy and Bath. Not every city has all the drawbacks listed above, and certainly such conditions are not general, but there is trouble in many crucial defense centers.

These matters can be serious. Lack of housing constantly hampered our war effort in 1917-18. The records show that a large shipbuilding plant in Maryland could have started nearly two more ships a month if there had been any way of housing the additional workers needed. A major munitions plant was threatened with a one-third reduction of output. Half the women workers sought by the Labor Department's Placement Service refused jobs in war industries because of unsatisfactory living quarters. Annual labor turnover at big shipbuilding centers ran between 500 and 1,000 percent.

The government has made strenuous efforts to prevent such stoppages in the present emergency. Congress has passed the Lanham Defense Housing Act, and a total of $290,000,000 in government funds from all sources has been made available for housing, although only a fraction of this amount has been actually put to work. The President has appointed Charles F. Palmer, an Atlanta real-estate man and former head of the housing authority in that city, as Defense Housing Coördinator. By a recent executive order, Palmer's Division of Defense Housing Coördination has been set up as part of the Executive Office and is now legally on a par with the Office for Production Management.

The government's avowed policy is to rely on private industry for the main supply of defense housing and to attempt direct governmental operations only when private initiative is unable or unwilling to function. In some cases there has been slowness to recognize critical shortages and tardy or inadequate government projects. The Coördinator's original position as adviser to the NDAC gave him but little legal status for the jurisdictional and other rivalries among government housing agencies such as the USHA, FHA, FWA, HOLC and RFC.

From several sources, notably the survey of the Twentieth Century Fund, there came the recommendation that the powers and duties of the Defense Housing Coördinator should be more clearly defined. The new set-up goes far in that direction. The order delegates to the Coördinator the authority vested in the President over the administrative agencies concerned, and gives housing a status comparable to that of other phases of defense production.

Many other favorable factors are found. The building industry has ample current supplies of capital, manpower and materials—in marked contrast to World War days, when there was a shortage of all three. There is widespread recognition of the primary need for low-cost housing and growing experience in how to supply it.

T. R. CARSKADON

The death a fortnight ago of James Joyce makes timely republication of his poem "Ecce Puer" which appeared in The New Republic of November 30, 1932. So far as we know, this is the last lyric that Joyce published. In the last two lines, it is permissible to read a reference to his own ne'er-do-well father, whom he had bitterly lampooned in "A Portrait of the Artist" and "Ulysses." — THE EDITORS

Ecce Puer

Of the dark past
A child is born
With joy and grief
My heart is torn.

Calm in his cradle
The living lies.
May love and mercy
Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed
On the glass;
The world that was not
Comes to pass.

A child is sleeping:
An old man gone.
O, father forsaken,
Forgive your son!

JAMES JOYCE

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The Spirits: 100 Proof

IT STARTED OUT as many such things start: kids helling around making music, and trying to make it pay off in pennies and nickels. That was many years ago, when they were in school together in St. Louis. But where it differs from many such things is that it has hung together as a unit ever since. A dozen or fifteen years ago they were the Spirits of Rhythm, and they are the Spirits of Rhythm today. They started with ukuleles, because at the time of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" every kid going to school had about a dollar's worth of ukulele under his arm, whack it every chance he got. They started innocent of music as any kind of exercise and even today, as Doug says, there isn't a one of them could read a note as big as that table. But they have an active book of arrangements that can keep them going all night; and while it's all in their heads and something they have got up through playing together, you couldn't start out cold and get a book like that for less than a thousand dollars.

Their act is what the record labels call vocal with inst. accomp., the inst. at present being a guitar, two tipples (a small-size guitar, using only the first four strings) and a double-bass. But that gives you no idea. The truth is, with just the four of them playing along they have more balance, depth and lift than any of the bands they are supposed to "relieve" on the stand. For one thing, they need not clutter a stand with a square yard of drums: the beat would be insistent even if they were not always stomping it into the floor. And guitar and piano purely as chorded and rhythm instruments they can dispense with too. You have a saving of three already, and more when you take into account that the usual background of saxophones, the louder interpolation of a brass section, are partly accounted for in their stout chords and several voices. But above everything else they have a developed unison which is like the miracle of a good string quartet, and more so in that it covers improvisation—not only the framework of a score mastered, but the tacit understanding that sustains and holds them together beyond the notes of any score written. The width and depth of this tonal effect is to be explained by one of the simple first laws of aural illusion, namely the principle of unison, the exactly scientific phenomenon of two and two becoming more than four when it is a case of strings in identical vibration, or rhythmic impulses of identical duration, or both. That is why twenty desks of violins in your local grade-school symphony may make more noise than the four instruments of the Budapest Quartet without getting the power in music, and that is why a half-acre of Goldman Band can take Nola at around 380 to the minute without getting the sense of motion of one good two-finger piano player doing Lazy. The Spirits do part of what they do with the talent God gave them individually, but they are more than just four people because of this almost inbred collectiveness of their playing and feeling and stomping together, this simple marvel of increase in unison that God gave music.

These are a lot of words to describe something that is going to elude description anyway, and I would not wish for a Spirit like Leo Watson to read them, as they cloud up and nancify an issue; and Leo is not a man I care to have climbing over tables to get at me with whatever he may have picked up on the way, such as a section of the bar. Hear them or leave it alone is what I say, but hear them right, with your ears and with some appreciation of the ground they come from and the clear echo of a tradition, theirs and ours too.

They once had Vergil Scroggins to thump out the beat on suitcase; but two or three years ago Vergil sickened of music and is setting up to be an undertaker in Philadelphia, which does seem like starting in a profession at the very top. When they were first on the air regularly, and playing at the old Onyx, they had a bass player whose name on IOU's was Wilson Myers but whose expression in sickness and in health was such nobody ever called him anything but Serious. Serious was only with them six months, though it seemed like longer; and he was a special bass player indeed, though he used to have to climb a little to finger the first position; and he was the most serious man I ever saw, though always clowning, and when they did their trucking-off number at the old Jack Dempsey's he had to keep a sharp, melancholy eye out for match packets on the floor, because he had to jump to clear them.

They picked up Teddy Bunn in Washington. Teddy Bunn is the present guitar player. He is a perfectly terrible man, but has the mostest fun, and seems to be resigned to music, though there was a time when somehow or other he got hold of an electric guitar and he was playing electric all over the place, and those were not happy days. He is one of the most brilliant men in the business, and keep your pockets sewed up. (This of course is strictly in confidence, but Teddy is one of my dearest friends in the sense of cost and we have a plan on foot for stealing the original hot stove.)

It started with Douglas Daniels and Leo Watson, who sang, played and messed around with their feet down any cab rank in St. Louis, to coax pennies ringing onto the sidewalk. As to what kind of music they thought was music, you only have to remember that St. Louis was one of the river-boat stops, and that in the teens and early twenties the boats were a great common carrier of jazz, New Orleans to Chicago, up and down.

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No matter what else, Doug says now, the kids would always have their nickel-money to get on the boat every Monday night; and they remember Fate Marable, Charlie Kress, Louis Armstrong in his early days.

Then one day a banjo player by the name of Brook Johns saw Leo scuffling and told him, "Come here, you kid; you ever been on the stage?" And Leo said "Naws'" innocent as pie. And Johns said, "You be afraid to get up on a big stage, front of a thousand people?" And Leo said "*Naws'.*" So the man put the two of them on the stage of the Missouri Theatre, Leo in his short pants and crazy legs, half swallowed in a black sweater that had red on the cuffs and red on the collar, very sharp. They sang and Leo kicked out the Charleston, and it just about broke up the show. They weren't much bigger than their ukuleles, but it was the beginning of their stage career.

For two years, in 1923-24, Leo and Douglas were with the Whitman Sisters, one of those big Negro roadshows with a chorus line, acts and specialties; and if the truant officer ever got his hands on them again I haven't heard of it. Meanwhile three other kids that used to play with them back home had got themselves jobs too. Doug's older brother Wilbur, his cousin Vergil Scroggins and the guitar player Laurence Blurton were traveling with an outfit called Madam DeCossis' Honeymooners, though in the end they traveled too far. The show went aground in Shreveport, Louisiana, and the kids had to write Doug in Chicago to get up the necessary. By this time the five of them felt they knew enough about show business to be their own show.

But it wasn't until 1930 that they began to be heard of in a general way. That was the year Ben Bernie came across them and put them in his show as the Sepia Nephews, and brought them to New York, which they began to take to pieces. When discovered, Leo Watson was amusing himself by singing out "yowsah" at inconvenient intervals and this shows how a great idea can be born, though Leo tired of it long since, not being a man to whip one dog very long, even if it is his own. Anyway, Bernie booked them as an act into Philadelphia and Washington and places; and in Washington they replaced Blurton with Teddie Bunn, who had been making life dangerous for the Washboard Serenaders. The Spirits were about ready to go.

In the early thirties the Spirits were on the air, in the Onyx Club, at Roseland, at Jack Dempsey's, all over. They even made a record date, but it was with Red McKenzie. When "At Home Abroad" opened out of town they opened with it, and moved with it into the Winter Garden for the winter, and later went on the road with it. And then as now, in those high days as well as in these days when the good jazz seems to be going back underground, they were just doing what they do. They were playing music, and together.

The Spirits' high jinks are sure to mislead some, for it is true that while Doug and Wilbur are the essence of sobriety, the other two will happily wear any kind of funny hat, just so long as it doesn't fit. Mr. Bunn (known to his friends as Horse) will antic because it pleases him and because people will see him and maybe set up a drink later. Leo Watson is a special lower case.

Leo is one of the few inspired crazy men alive. He works on some secret dynamo, which he lets carry him in everything, good or bad; and while at his bad he's the worst and at his good he's the best, there is a true spring of originality behind that furious ape approach, simple but everlasting. He sings scat, if you know what that is, plays the tipple and generally menaces everything. But the main thing he is is spontaneous, because even under the terrific pressure of rhythm he keeps up, his mind is constantly scrambling its absurd but likely images. "Sly mongoose" they sing ("goosey-goosey gander") and Leo makes half a chorus out of the words Bela Lugosi, Bela Lugosi, Bela Lugosi. When Henry Fonda came up to the bar during a number, he changed "I'm growing fonder of you" into a mounting gibberish of *fonda and fonda and fonda and fonda.* When he took the first chorus on Fools Rush in Where Angels Fear to Tread he took it: "Fools rush in. Turn around. Rush right out."

And over across from him on the other wing, Teddy Bunn is collaborating in burlesquing all but the song out of music. They sing a few legitimate blues in a straight way ("She's a big fat mama with the meat shaking on her bones," or "When you see me coming, *heist* your window high"); but most of the numbers they kid. My Wild Irish Rose (*four roses, four roses, four roses*). I'll give you my love (*love it?*). I've got you under my skin (*won't you please let me in?*).

There are the two wild men in the wings, Doug in the center picking his chords politely and as though dissociated from this (he is incidentally one of the truest singers in the business), and Wilbur standing over all at the back. You can see four very different men, but what comes from them is one thing. The Spirits live by the thing they started with, which was an American mode of playing and singing and lifting the whole place in defiance of all known laws of gravity. They can play anything they want to, and you may with a shallow enough eye see only the rip and jump that may be caught with the eye. They are now on their way to the Coast and maybe days will be fat for them again, but in general you will not be overimpressed by the surroundings they play in, for this is a white man's world and Negro musicians are taught to know it by a process which is called kicking around. But if you will listen, if you will let the ear carry where the mind's sense of the ludicrous cannot penetrate, you will find music as truly in the center as it was ever found, and the things music was made from, and the people through which and by which it lives.

OTIS FERGUSON

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Snapshots of the Defense Boom

I HAVE BEEN PROWLING through the Connecticut "defense towns," up the rich Naugatuck Valley from Bridgeport to Waterbury, and on beyond to Hartford, looking for a boom, looking for happy people. This is the valley of brass and machine tools, the valley of small arms, the valley of shells; and Hartford is the Pratt and Whitney city. But the search for the defense boom is somewhat disappointing. In almost every case one is assured that it is taking place, but not here, in the next city.

This may be the famous caution of the Connecticut Yankee. Even at a hotel bar, where the atmosphere is usually cordial, I had my head bitten off for remarking: "Well, Derby is becoming quite prosperous with this defense business, isn't it?" The rather ferocious reply was: "We aren't gettin' any more than our rightful share, I guess!" Thus the New England conscience, rejecting easy money.

But everywhere there is far more fear and doubt (at least among the higher-ups) than elation. There is much discussion of the housing problem, *i. e.*, "How can we keep strangers from moving into our nice town and putting up cheap houses?" There is also much discussion of the labor problem, *i. e.*, "How can we get a scattered assortment of workers from far away, too mixed and unknown to each other to form a union before this defense thing is over?" Local boys in Hartford don't get many jobs at Pratt and Whitney, but men from Massachusetts, Michigan and Maine do.

Nobody believes it will last. They are more interested in having the man from New York tell them how long it will continue than in telling the man from New York how good they feel. Pressed into a corner, plied rudely with questions, they will break down sometimes and say that yes, they are doing better, but what about afterward? An expansion of American productivity is certainly taking place, but the joy of the pioneer, clearing new ground, does not attend it. Connecticut is thrusting out its chest rather gloomily.

Alas, how fleeting, how fleeting, about sums up the business frame of mind. There is justification for this. One finds many a Connecticut town in which a room cannot be had for any consideration, and in which every factory is chugging with defense work; but drive a few miles outside (as in the area surrounding Hartford: South Manchester, Rockville Center, Broad Brook), and one finds dozens of the "good old" Connecticut textile mills and gadget foundries, which have been in the same families for generations, now quiet and often empty, with boarded doors and broken windows. A woolen mill seems to be busy. One asks a question. It is working on army blankets. The mills that are not working on army blankets are not busy.

The odd thing is that towns, as towns, do not become prosperous any more; not in the age of the automobile. Apart from the fear of hiring local help, which would form unions and would always be around the premises thereafter with some kind of claim on the factory for a job, there is the new willingness of the American worker to commute, daily, by automobile, for distances up to seventy-five miles. The New England town, as an economic unit, is gone. A Naugatuck Valley factory may quite readily have a work force streaming in each morning from Massachusetts, New London, the Bronx and Westchester County. If the commuting distance is too great, the "strangers" are quite ready to live in trailers, as they do in East Hartford, with wife and child, thereby moving to the job, but not moving into the city.

Those who have found jobs feel happier than they did a year or two ago, and are spending a little more, but they have not forgotten the thirties. They intend, this time, to "keep a little." Savings are up sharply in Connecticut; the rush to open Christmas Club accounts was so great in Bridgeport that the banks closed the clubs to new applicants after ten days. The bars are crowded, but I saw them equally crowded in Cleveland more than a year ago during the relief crisis; one cannot prove anything by bar attendance. I was told there were no panhandlers in Bridgeport any more, but I found two without looking; and one cannot prove anything by the incidence of panhandling. Connecticut factories, in many cities, are roaring, but the people are reserved and there are few of the outward stigmata of inflation. It is, thus far, a quiet party, each man afraid to give the first good shout of joy.

The feeling that the boom is temporary (it is certainly a sound fear) has harmful social consequences. If Connecticut felt that it were really building a brave new world, really reaching up to a permanently expanded level of activity, it would approach its basic problems with more *élan*. But the knowledge that the thing will not last affects the housing situation, the schools, everything. Why throw up new low-cost houses for "strangers" who will be gone tomorrow? Why provide expanded educational facilities for children who are not of the town?

Those who want the defense program to give us a permanent expansion of American productivity, a "bigger" economy, will hunt for this future in vain in Connecticut. There is more work in some older plants; some new large plants may seek outlets for their products later, but in the faces and spirits of the people one reads the opinion that this is a windfall, not a true broadening out of the American highway.

SAMUEL GRAFTON

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Washington Notes

The Business Men Seek Cover

THE NEW DEFENSE AGENCY, the OPM, seems to be somewhat less crudely anti-New Deal than its predecessor, the NDAC. Perhaps the most marked change is that dollar-a-year, business-man patriots no longer preside over contracts granted to their own companies or their chief competitors. Under the NDAC, the spectacle of corporation heads valiantly negotiating with their former office associates was a daily spectacle.

The OPM shows that a quiet shift is being made. Mr. George M. Moffett of Corn Products, for example, is in charge of the subdivision concerned with metals. Mr. R. R. Dupree of Procter and Gamble supervises textiles, lumber, pulp and paper, rubber. The over-all chief of the industrial-materials section, Mr. W. Averill Harriman, is a railroad president, and is, moreover, one of the few big-business men who have loyally supported Mr. Roosevelt's domestic policies.

For many weeks, New Dealers in the administration have considered Mr. John D. Biggers, head of Libby-Owens-Ford, the most formidable of the defense organization's reactionaries. They would have liked to have seen him depart. In the OPM, he continues to be Mr. Knudsen's executive assistant. However, Mr. W. L. Batt of SKF Industries, whom most New Dealers look on as an ally, now has a place alongside him.

Whether or not these changes are significant is hard to say. That a corporation head, under the old NDAC, had the power to expedite contracts to his own company was clearly scandalous. Inevitably it would have led to questioning by Congress. The shifting of dollar-a-year men about, so that they preside over industries other than those they are connected with, may be only a prudent act of camouflage.

The conspicuous posts assigned to the Messrs. Harriman and Batt, however, apparently mean something more. There are many small bits of evidence that the business group has reached a collective decision that, at all costs, it will preserve—or try to preserve—friendly personal relations with Mr. Roosevelt. Those dollar-a-year patriots who can't help exploding that the so-and-so wages-and-hours law ought to be repealed, and no nonsense about it, are being scrupulously retired to the background. Even Mr. Biggers, although he is cordially distrusted by many New Dealers, does not violate this rule. Ever since Mr. Biggers conducted the unemployment census of 1937-38, he has been "Johnny" to the President.

Perhaps the two most baffling men in the whole defense effort, just now, are Messrs. Patterson and Lovett, the Under-secretary and Assistant Secretary of War. Mr. Patterson is a federal circuit judge, and the protegé of Mr. Stimson; Mr. Lovett is a partner of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company. Both men have taken considerable pains to make friends with Mr. Hillman's labor group, and to express their sympathy with the union movement. Both eagerly embraced the program for "farming-out" subcontracts, originally devised in Mr. Hillman's division. Both welcomed the Reuther plan for utilizing the full capacity of the automobile industry; Mr. Patterson was one of those who insisted that it be given careful consideration. Mr. Patterson recently explained the War Department's aims before the Chicago Federation of Labor, promising that no sacrifices would be asked of labor unions that were not equally required from management and invested capital. Unhappily, almost at the same moment, the War Department press officers announced that munitions contract-holders would not be held to an observance of the Wagner Act without an additional, specific command from Congress.

Mr. Patterson and Mr. Lovett, incidentally, both had excellent records in the last war. Mr. Patterson was in New York City's famous Seventh Regiment, rose to be a captain, and won the DSC in action in France. Mr. Lovett enlisted in the naval aviation corps, became a brilliant pilot, was made a lieutenant-commander and received the Navy Cross.

Mr. Wendell L. Willkie has climbed out of the political grave to which most observers—including this one—had assigned him; his ascension has come about with extraordinary swiftness. After the election, his future seemed fated to parallel that of Mr. Alf M. Landon, a cross between an elder statesman and spare tire of the Republican Party. By endorsing the lease-lend bill, and by accepting Mr. Roosevelt's courtesies for his trip to England, Mr. Willkie has cleanly severed his ties with the Republican organization. He was warned in advance that his support of the lease-lend bill would ruin his chance to elect his candidate, former Governor Baldwin of Connecticut, as Republican national chairman. He ostentatiously showed that he had no interest in party wire-pulling.

On the other hand, his trip to London is also proof that he still thinks of himself as a popular leader, that he still has political ambitions. One of Mr. Willkie's boyhood heroes was Mr. William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan was similarly scornful of party organization; indeed, he gloried in the opposition of Eastern and Southern Democrats. For about thirty years, he managed to keep his hold on the Democratic rank and file, and to remain a political power in his own person. Mr. Willkie's trip to London is, quite obviously, a bold, imaginative bid for the allegiance of the Republican rank and file.

Supporters of the New Deal must expect that Mr. Willkie will support the Roosevelt policies only until the first reasonable opportunity presents itself to attack them. You remember his behavior during the TVA controversy. Mr. Willkie was always the liberal, always the advocate of generous coöperation with the TVA, except in the moments when he was driving a legal knife in the TVA's back. The autumn's campaign demonstrated that, as yet, he is not expert in choosing political issues. But it also showed that he has remarkable vitality, daring and persistence. An attempt to whip up the voters against Mr. Roosevelt's leadership in the critical months to come might be a very ugly thing.

The recent reorganization of the Marine Corps has been an enormously significant, if unnoticed, step in hemisphere

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defense. The Marine Corps has now its own specially designed landing boats, its own aircraft, tanks and artillery. It is a good layman's guess that it now parallels, in its equipment, that of the German shock divisions which last August were supposed to storm England. It means that the Marines could meet a surprise German force, descending on South America, with its own weapons. The Marine Corps' new organization is now being tested in secret exercises in the Caribbean.

Washington T. R. B.

For the Greek Relief

IN THE EXHIBITION of El Greco being shown at Knoedler's until February 15 there are a number of direct portrait effects that may ease the minds of certain visitors who some generations ago might have thought him mad and now might think him astigmatic. Some of the canvases, in sum, make it clear, for those who need that reassurance, that this painter can be as actualistic—almost photographic—as he chooses.

On the whole the admixture of such works does not seem to me a bad idea, even for those of us who know it all, since there are many approaches to visual experience and visual expression. For all my lucid avenues in art, I must confess to taking some comfort in the assurance that El Greco, when he wanted to, could copy nature as closely as the next one. That very fact makes it easier to explain him to people who forget that the housemaid's tape-measure could have told him just how much too long he had drawn a neck, if that is what they are bothered over. The general principle involved, I suppose, is that pretty much anything is a good thing that helps to keep some simpleton, or thoughtless person, from feeling superior to some work of art, or that prevents someone capable enough from getting on the wrong scent, and so missing what might be a treasury of rich experience. I mean that the chance provided to approach El Greco through his more realistic painting is a humanitarian gesture, useful to many people.

I will not, meanwhile, dwell here on an element in these paintings that could bounce many an artist into fits: I mean that dazzling use of abstract black and white that El Greco knows how to employ.

There is here in this exhibition at Knoedler's a brilliant opportunity for observers worthy of the chance to study this great painter—this painter's painter, at least for the moment—working at the same subject, and practically at the same composition in two canvases at different dates. The large picture (1595-1600) of Christ cleansing the Temple, almost a duplicate save in size of another version in a private English collection, is the full Italianate El Greco—straight from Bassano, Titian, Tintoretto, Michelangelo, Raphael and so on. The small picture amounts in design to the large version of it in the National Gallery, though in painting it seems to me somewhat closer to the incredible Madrid version, the latter about 1610.

The finest picture in this showing at Knoedler's is, I think, the "Agony in Gethsemane," shown previously at the World's Fair, from the collection of Mr. Arthur Sachs. It is a beautiful, signed version of the painting in the National Gallery in London. (The narrower format, well known, of the same, in Budapest, is twenty years later more or less.)

This is one of the works where it is most easy to observe that element of the plastic that distinguishes El Greco from most painters who set out to express meanings other than the realistic, painters who sought meanings inner and intense. El Greco can convey both the fullness of the spirit, pouring from the inmost revelation, and the reality of what is felt, touched, expressed. We may say of him that he is able, as he converts into spirit the matter of his picture, to exalt, and gloriously project, its material form.

The method that El Greco employed in his most characteristic painting is admirably exemplified in this canvas. This method is to begin with a priming of red or yellowish red, to paint always from dark to light, with a whitish paste, transparently laid on or not as the case might be; then came the modeling from white to gray, then another coating, in white and black, with ocher middle tones; then broad glazes for the local colors, the same brushwork producing different effects according to what previous underpainting the brush is carried over.

This "Agony in Gethsemane" serves also to illustrate the Neo-Platonism of El Greco. We all know that when the Turks broke up the schools of Greece in the fifteenth century, the famous teachers came to Italy. The effect of that inspired migration on the poets and painters of Italy is, of course, mere chronicle, social and literary. There is the "Arcadia," for example, of Sanazzaro, Castiglione's book of "The Courtier," Vittoria Colonna's poems and Michelangelo's, not to speak of the influence of the platonic doctrines on Bramante, Michelangelo and Raphael, who in that celebrated Vatican fresco of his shows us Plato with his eyes and fingers lifted toward the skies, while Aristotle only points to the earth.

Compared, however, to the melancholy, or ineffable nostalgia, of the art of Lorenzo de Medici's time, Botticelli, for example, El Greco is on the one hand more violent and declamatory, and on the other hand less intimate and more mystical, not to mention the strong Byzantine element.

The paintings that present the shepherds, and the supper at the house of Simon, show admirably that incredible unity of style that El Greco achieved, and that curious flight of incoherent details into secure design. The people and things in such El Grecos as these are as actual in themselves as if they could be touched and at the same time are supernatural, or outside nature. We cannot tell how much it is the idea and how much the creating of it in art that moves the artist along and brings the final result. Within the picture itself the spiritual idea and the concrete image are bound together to an extent rare in any art anywhere.

There is a letter extant of Clovio's—the Croatian miniature painter who was El Greco's laureate and promoter in the days when the young Cretan had gone from Venice to try his fortunes in Rome. In this letter Clovio says that the day before he had been to El Greco's studio to take him for a walk around the town. The weather, he says, was beautiful, with a delicious spring sun that made everybody happy. The whole town had a festival air, so that he was stunned when he found on entering El Greco's studio that the curtains were drawn so close that you could scarcely tell one object from another. El Greco was seated in a chair without either being at work or asleep. He did not wish to go

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out with Clovio because, as Clovio says in the letter, "the daylight disturbed his inner light."

El Greco was not thirty at the time, and was already closing his eyes in order to see better what he most wanted to see.

The canvas from Bryn Mawr, that engaging portrait of a family, could never be El Greco's painting; the frame and the family group *per se* are the best part of it. Valerian von Loga in his history of Spanish painting attributes it to El Greco's son, Jorge Manuel, architect and painter, who led a life wild and scattered and died in poverty.

STARK YOUNG

A Communication

Mr. Flynn Speaks for Himself

SIR: For several reasons, chiefly sentimental, I have remained silent until now about the dropping of my column from The New Republic. But that silence, I now perceive, has been completely misunderstood. The New Republic's own announcement respecting the column and the continuance of my name among the contributing editors have contributed no little to that misunderstanding. Innumerable letters to me reveal plainly that many readers of The New Republic suppose that the column was discontinued by agreement between the editors and myself and that I continue as a contributor to the magazine.

The column was not dropped through an arrangement between the editors and myself. It was liquidated. And the note of the editors appended to the letters which it published leaves no room for doubt on that point. No author, say the editors, will be allowed to write any material for The New Republic, save as a protesting letter writer, "on subjects as to which he and The New Republic are in complete collision."

I would say no more save for what is implied in the statements of the editors and what was said explicitly to me. It is said I was in collision with the editors and implied that I had gotten that way because I had changed my philosophy, had, indeed, been guilty of some sort of desertion of the liberal cause. The editors have said to me personally that it is I "who have changed and not the paper."

I feel therefore that I ought not to make my adieu from the columns of The New Republic without at least trying to clear this up.

I believe that a candid examination of my writings in the last eight years will reveal that, on all essential points, I am saying the same things I was saying eight years ago and four years ago when I was not considered to be in collision with The New Republic.

I have criticized the New Deal's refusal to come to grips with the essential problems of the economic system, relying on government spending to dope that system. I have criticized the President's fiscal policies, his feeble steps in the direction of welfare and reform and his scandalous affiliation with corrupt political groups. I ask the patient reader to follow closely the following statements by the editors of The New Republic made at the end of 1935—which marks the practical ending of the New Deal program:

> What was and is the President's program? No one in this country, not even Mr. Roosevelt himself, can give a definite reply to that question. . . . In his early days in office he made broad promises about driving the money-changers out of the temple, about obtaining security and richness for everyone. . . . Nearly every one of his measures as it emerged from the legislative hopper has seemed to us painfully disappointing in comparison with the President's own predictions. . . . The social-security law makes only the feeblest beginning at social security. The problem of agriculture has not been solved by the measures thus far taken but only ameliorated. . . . Labor has not yet won the right of collective bargaining. . . . Such gains in labor as have been made have been more than eaten up by the increase in the cost of living. . . . While the number of unemployed remains stationary at 11,000,000 or more, our national policy regarding them comes increasingly near to resemble compulsory labor at wages barely above the starvation level.

Later (October, 1936), they said again:

> They [American progressives] remember how the NRA was perverted from its expressed purpose into a device for price-fixing and price-raising at the expense of the common people. They remember the hundreds of millions poured out to maintain corporate structures and rotten banks, to the end that the vast burden of internal private debt has been perpetuated at the same time that the public debt has been increased to a staggering degree.

There is plenty more denouncing the President's "belief in the power of a Santa Claus in the background in his experiments with the dollar now definitely ended," his failures to deal with the banking problems, "crowning the long struggle for stock-exchange control by going into a broker's office and naming a stock operator as chairman of the commission," praising him (heaven help us!) for "opposing guaranteed bank deposits," and condemning his affiliation with Tammany—now many times expanded—"the feebleness of his character," his making speeches "to mean one thing to progressives and another to conservatives." And so endlessly. I continue to say these things. If I am in collision with the editors on these points it can only be because the editors have changed their tune. If The New Republic will give me space, I will engage to produce for them out of their own columns statements about the New Deal and the President corresponding in essential particulars with most of the statements in my book about the "Country Squire."

However, let us be frank about this. There is no substantial difference of opinion between The New Republic and myself about Roosevelt and his New Deal. What there is is a difference of opinion about the war. And it is because of the war and my opinions on it that I have been silenced as far as this magazine is concerned.

I trust that the editors of The New Republic will have the grace to concede that I have not changed on that subject. I have—right or wrong—held to the view that I have advanced ever since these unhappy events got under way. And here again let me say that if I am in collision with The New Republic it is because it has not merely changed its view but has made a complete and sudden somersault on this subject. Mine is not the case of a liberal writer who has abandoned his liberal views and come into "head-on collision with the paper." It is a case of the paper abandon-

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ing the position it has held for years on our foreign policy, swallowing hook, line and sinker the program of the war party, making a swift about-face and running headlong into collision with itself, leaving its columnist high and dry quite alone in the magazine. And then to add insult to injury it throws the columnist out of the magazine because "he has changed." The New Republic could make a rational criticism of me on the ground that I had not changed but had held stubbornly to a position no longer tenable in the presence of changing events. But it cannot charge me with that while at the same time charging me with having deserted my position.

To prove what I have here said, I beg to offer a very brief statement of The New Republic's views on the war.

On Our Pacific Policy. – January 21, 1933, the editors denounced a loan of $50,000,000 to China. November 20, 1935, it denounced the government's Pacific policy. It called on its readers to fight to the utmost the desperate efforts being made behind the scenes to put the United States into a naval alliance with Great Britain for the purpose of "preserving peace throughout the world" but really "to maintain the *status quo* in the Orient, where British interests exceed our own by at least ten to one." On August 9, 1939, it condemned the ending of the commercial treaty with Japan—"Without consulting anybody, the President has taken the most challenging step toward defiance of the fascist bloc. In one day he has brought the United States far along the road to war."

On War Hysteria. – December 27, 1937, the editors held President Roosevelt responsible for refusal to invoke the Neutrality Act in the China-Japanese war. On November 23, 1938, it severely reproached the President "for whipping up a full-sized war scare. In Washington the war drums are being thumped in an effort to scare us out of our wits about the imminent danger of invasion—or something —by Germany, Italy and perhaps Japan."

On January 5, 1938, one of the editors wrote: "Reading the newspapers I have had a nightmare feeling. It is as though I were watching for the second time the early reels of a motion picture whose story ends in tragedy. As I see the actors on the screen make again the same mistakes I have seen before, knowing what the unhappy outcome will be, I am sickened by a realization of how history does in fact repeat itself—how literally true it is that we learn nothing from experience. . . . I am terrified when Alfred Landon emerges suddenly from obscurity to announce we must stand behind the President. . . . I am terrified when Colonel Knox, the fighting newspaper publisher, announces that he too is standing behind the President. . . . I am perturbed when Henry L. Stimson chooses this moment to come forward with a very long letter . . . upholding the right of the President to make war and opposing the plan for a popular referendum. . . . It sends a chill through me when Miss Dorothy Thompson goes on to indicate her desire to see vigorous action taken against the fascist powers." Then the editor added these ominous words: "The best way to produce a deep national crisis is for people like you [Landon] to go around saying that it is here." And now when the Knoxes and Stimsons and Dorothy Thompsons have succeeded in creating this fraudulent crisis, the most terrifying thing of all is to see The New Republic itself plunging headlong into the hysteria and doing its bit by silencing a columnist who refused to desert the position to which the paper had devoted its energies.

Aid to Britain. – From 1936 to April of 1940, The New Republic kept up an incessant attack on all those armament measures that had the appearance of being intended for aggression and for aid to England. It denounced, January 18, 1939, attempts to amend the Neutrality Act as a wish "to free the President to lead us blindfolded into war." September 4, 1035, referring to Lansing's recommendation for loans to the Allies in 1916, the editors said: "Lansing's recommendations prevailed, the loans were made and eventually we went to war. . . . It may be confidently prophesied, however, that unless a prohibition against loans is made part of our permanent policy, there will come a day when another Lansing will write approximately a similar letter to another President and that it will be the preliminary step to this country's entry into the war." What, apparently, the editors did not perceive in this melancholy prophecy was that when that recommendation would be made, The New Republic would be crowding to the front to yell its quota for the loans.

The New Republic may say that the events of last May, when the defeat of England became a real possibility, have changed the whole basis of judgment. I do not think so. The New Republic doubtless does. But certainly it has changed its position, and that in spite of the fact that on more than one occasion it warned its readers against this very thing. For good or bad reasons it has gone over to the war party. It is, I think, a little ungracious to say that it is I who have changed.

In a world so upset by such mighty forces it is probably of no importance whether The New Republic or I have shifted our positions. Nevertheless, The New Republic has thought it of sufficient interest to put the onus on me and print letters from its readers supporting that charge. I think I am entitled to spend at least one moment on the witness stand for myself. Let me add, however, that I think it of the utmost importance that the foremost liberal weekly journal of opinion in this country, which has for years thundered against the collective securityites, the foreign policy of the Stimsons and Hulls, the war-makers and militarists, should almost overnight not only abandon that tune and plunge headlong into the forefront of the war party, but should suppress a columnist who remained at least one voice for its old opinions and announce to the world that no writer should appear in its columns who was in complete collision with its views.

As I am no longer a contributor to The New Republic—nor in any sense a contributing editor—I feel that my name should be removed from the list of such editors. I beg also that you will understand this is not a "resignation." I merely accept my hat and move toward the door so graciously opened for me.

New York City JOHN T. FLYNN

[Mr. Flynn has evidently spent much time combing the back files of The New Republic for statements which, removed from their context, are sharply critical of the New Deal or of Mr. Roosevelt. Every New Republic reader

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knows that in the past eight years we have criticized many details of that program, almost always on the ground that the steps taken were not sufficiently far-reaching. But our readers are also well aware that this paper has from the beginning supported the general aims of the New Deal and President Roosevelt as the spokesman for those aims. It is not true, as Mr. Flynn says, that he and the paper have the same attitude toward the Roosevelt administration. The New Republic supported the President in 1932, in 1936 and in the recent campaign. Our special supplement on Wendell Willkie, which sold more than 800,000 copies, undoubtedly changed some people's minds against that gentleman. Mr. Flynn, on the contrary, gave Mr. Willkie effective aid.

We agree with Mr. Flynn that in historic moments like these the question whether any individual has or has not changed his position is pretty trivial. There are times when to stand still is to change, and that is what Mr. Flynn has done. The New Republic opposed imperialist adventures by the United States in the Far East and elsewhere; it still opposes such adventures. It has always been in favor of adequate defense for this country, and that is what it is advocating now. The collapse of France and the danger of a possible British defeat suddenly brought home to all sensible Americans the fact that the peril was much greater and more imminent than we had previously believed it could be. We do not see how anyone with eyes in his head can dispute the fact that Hitler is a menace to this country and that, to this extent, England's battle is our own.

We think Mr. Flynn has changed, because in the past he seemed to us a man determined that we should have a free, safe and democratic America. Today, he prefers the America of Mr. Willkie and, by reasonable parallel, the America of Mr. Hoover, to that of the New Deal. He is willing to take a chance that this country can exist safe and secure in a world the rest of which is dominated by Hitler and his friends. He thinks military attack is unlikely and has such overweening confidence in his own opinion that he is willing to run the risk that if he is wrong, this nation will be destroyed. The editors of The New Republic do not believe in their own infallibility as Mr. Flynn apparently believes in his. They are willing to admit that they may be wrong; but they feel that when the existence of the country is at stake, it is better to be sure than sorry.

All of this has little to do with Mr. Flynn's relation to The New Republic, which he now seems to have misunderstood from the beginning. He was not engaged to become a sort of one-man editorial board, commenting on all sorts of subjects without regard to the views of the editors on these same subjects. He was engaged to write on the specific question of Wall Street, a matter in which, it is clear, he has now lost interest. We have concrete evidence that some of our readers were confused about the paper's attitude by the fact that Mr. Flynn, expressing the views he did week after week, was listed as a Contributing Editor. It is not true, as he says, that no author will ever be allowed to write any material for The New Republic save as a protesting letter writer, when his views are opposed to those of the editors. Mr. Flynn's case was that of a man who wanted The New Republic to give him space and remuneration for a weekly attack over an indefinite period on the policies of this paper. – THE EDITORS]

The Bandwagon

At the same time it means that, inasmuch as Russia has not for some time engaged in bombing open cities and towns, a moral action taken against her more than a year ago can be lifted. – *From Bertram D. Hulen's news story on the lifting of the Russian embargo, in The New York Times.*

Three paintings by WPA artists in recent years were discussed by Mrs. Hanley. The first, by Mac LeSueur, is entitled "Sunday Morning."

"That certainly isn't an inspiring canvas," said Mrs. Hanley. "There is a propaganda element in it, too, in depicting the lowly lot of the family." – *Dispatch from Minneapolis printed in The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Confusion is certain to reign in the minds of some as a result of Consie Vanderbilt Smith Davis becoming Mrs. Warburton, due to the fact that her father, Mr. Vanderbilt, now is married to the former Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton.

Once and for all time, let it be said no relationship existed between Jack Warburton and the late Buzzy Warburton, who was Consie's stepmother's first husband.

The first wife of Jack Warburton, pretty Edna Hoyt, now is married to Roderick Tower. Roddy Tower, it is interesting to note, once was married to one of Consie Vanderbilt Fair's cousins, Flora Whitney. – *Maury Paul's syndicated column, printed in The Detroit Times.*

I think if Reichsführer Hitler had any idea that he was going to conquer the world I would have heard something about it. Such assumptions are possible only because there are still some people in the world who are as gullible as children. – *Otto Dietrich, Nazi press chief, speaking at the German Academy at Prague, quoted in The New York Post.*

Once in an Ethiopian battle, when others were taking shelter, he [General Bergonzoli] swept on, shouting, blowing a whistle and eating gum drops. – *Wireless dispatch from Cairo, Egypt, printed in The New York Times.*

QED

If the Youth Congress, for instance, is wrong or muddle-headed, it is not so because of, or in spite of, its average age. It is wrong because it is wrong, and for no other reason. – *From an editorial in The New York Times.*

Now You Call It Something

By "profit to a limited class," Miss Thompson means, as her context shows, the system of privately owned business and industry, the system of free enterprise—called by its opponents, with intent to discredit it, the "capitalist" system. – *Mark Sullivan in The Washington Post.*

Old-School-Tie Department

For example, most warfare is chemical warfare in a broad sense of the word. Therefore, chemical warfare as such cannot be banned. Again, some gases are toxic and others are merely irritant. That is, some are like mustard gas and some are like sneeze gas. Where should the line be drawn in differentiating between chemical weapons permissible, Christian and sportsmanlike, and those of the contrary character? – *Dr. W. Lee Lewis in The Philadelphia Record.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Soviet Power

[A number of readers have written about the review, by Freda Utley, of Dean Hewlett Johnson's book, "The Soviet Power," published in The New Republic (January 6). Representative letters follow. – THE EDITORS]

SIR: There have been only too frequent occasions, recently, to protest the handling in the New Republic book pages, of books about the Soviet Union. The revolting climax was reached in the Freda Utley review of the Dean of Canterbury's book, "The Soviet Power."

Having lived in the Soviet Union nearly two years in the period she speaks of, I know that what she says is, to put it politely, sheer misstatement. Even for readers without personal experience to use as a check, her review is self-refuting. For example, even the most hostile have not denied that there is no unemployment in the Soviet Union; therefore it is hard for anyone to condole with Miss Utley that there are no unemployment benefits.

Your informed readers know something about Miss Utley. They know that she is so envenomed against the Soviet Union as to have expressed a preference for the benevolences of the Nazis and the Tsars. They know that whatever else she may be qualified for, she does not rate as an unbiased reviewer of books about the Soviet Union. Therefore they know that when the informed editors of The New Republic permit a book about the Soviet Union to be assigned to Miss Utley, or her kind, the informed editors are holding a literary lynching.

New York City ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

SIR: Miss Utley has not one good word to say for the USSR. There is not one redeeming feature, apparently. The Dean of Canterbury saw nothing, heard nothing, was told nothing remotely resembling the truth or the facts. With ten million starved or shot, twelve-year-olds executed for stealing (has anyone ever yet placed before you credible evidence of *one* child shot in the Soviet Union for any purpose, let alone food stealing?) fear, terror, starvation wages, enormous prices, lack of judicial procedure, labor camps (now turned into concentration camps)—how does the broken-down old thing creak along at all? Why haven't the workers turned the arms they have against their bestial oppressors? Surely they have *nothing* to lose.

Beverly Hills, Cal. ELLA WINTER

SIR: Miss Utley says, of the Dean of Canterbury, "Like the Webbs, but more understandably, he has uncritically accepted everything he was told while touring in the USSR." I happen to know about the painstaking preparation, the checking and rechecking of statistics which laid the basis for "Soviet Communism: A New Civilization," by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. It is equally absurd to say of Dean Johnson that so scholarly and honest a man, a trained engineer, gullibly accepted everything that was told him.

Shady, N. Y. JOHN A. KINGSBURY

SIR: Miss Utley's thoroughgoing condemnation of "The Soviet Power" is in violent contrast with the equally thoroughgoing commendation of the book by Dr. Ward in Soviet Russia Today. In a matter of such importance as a correct understanding of the Russian situation is it not your duty to furnish your readers with trustworthy information from some competent observer, who could judge the relative validity of the two reviews?

Washington, D. C. H. C. NEWCOMER, Brigadier General, United States Army, Retired

SIR: It is obvious that my critics would consider no review of a book on the Soviet Union unbiased unless it were written from the Communist or fellow-traveler point of view. None of the above letters brings forward any facts or figures to refute me; I am merely abused for having revealed a little of the truth, which, if known, would shatter the wishful dreams of the dupes of Comintern propaganda. Mr. Schneider hints at dire information concerning me, but all he can say is that I must be "envenomed against the Soviet Union" because I consider that life for the Russian people under the Tsars was not quite so nasty, brutish and short as under Stalin. Certainly both the Tsar and the Kaiser appear almost as liberals *in comparison* with Stalin and Hitler. As regards the Russian and the German forms of national socialism, I have certainly never made the latter out to be "benevolent." I have, however, pointed out that if Hitler had not been somewhat less ruthless than Stalin the world might be almost as ignorant of conditions in Germany as it is of the state of Russia; Stalin never lets *his* victims out of the country to tell the tale, whereas Hitler has allowed thousands of Jews, socialists and liberals to leave Germany.

Miss Winter, writing in sarcasm, fails to understand the methods by which the totalitarian dictators of today maintain their power and suppress all opposition. Certainly the Russian workers have nothing to lose, but how are they "to turn against the bestial oppressor"? They have no arms, and what is more important, they are prevented from ever beginning to organize by the terror, the ever present secret police and their dependence upon the state as employer. Regarding the death penalty for theft for children, I must refer Miss Winter to the Soviet decree of April 8, 1935, and also to the justification for it brought forward by the Stalinists, *viz.:* "that under socialism children are so precocious and well educated that they are fully responsible for their acts."

I sympathize with General Newcomer, who wants true information. I must point out to him that Dr. Ward has never lived and worked in the Soviet Union as an ordinary citizen, as I did for nearly six years; and would refer him to the figures and facts given in my "The Dream We Lost" and in my article in the current number of Foreign Affairs. I have shown concretely by reference to Soviet wage, price and production figures both the decline in the standard of life of the Russian workers and peasants and the failure of the Five Year Plans, not only to make Russia prosperous, but to make her militarily strong.

New York City FREDA UTLEY

Draft Act Test

SIR: The British Draft Act provides a completely separate register for conscientious objectors and, furthermore, provides complete exemption for the absolute objector to all war and conscription. A considerable number of young men in Britain have been granted such exemption, and most of them have voluntarily taken work under conditions of extreme danger. It is the failure of our American act to conform to these provisions which is largely responsible for the fact that we have a considerable number of non-registrants.

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The wisdom of the stand taken by these young men may be questioned, and is indeed questioned by many, even in the ranks of the pacifist movement. There is no doubt whatever, as has been almost invariably recognized by the federal judges who have sat in these cases, that they are men of sensitive conscience and high principle.

The question of the constitutionality of the act has been raised in the case of certain non-registrants in New York City. It is thought desirable to carry at least one case through the Circuit Court of Appeals and, possibly, to the United States Supreme Court.

A temporary committee for legal aid to conscientious objectors, including Roger N. Baldwin, Charles Boss Jr., Fay Bennett, Allan Knight Chalmers, Richard B. Gregg, Jesse H. Holmes, John Haynes Holmes, Broadus Mitchell, Frank Olmstead, A. J. Muste, J. Nevin Sayre and Norman Thomas, has been constituted and is seeking to raise the sum of $2,500 to pay the cost of the trials of these non-registrants and of the constitutionality test in connection with the New York cases. Counsel are serving without fee, but the cost of records, stenography and research is considerable. Checks should be made payable to Evan W. Thomas, Treasurer, and mailed to Mr. Thomas at 2929 Broadway, New York City.

New York City A. J. MUSTE

What the Army Wants

SIR: Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in her article ("They're in the Army Now," The New Republic, January 6), says that Mr. Redefer of the Progressive Education Association urges that the draftees be allowed to select the books for their libraries. Miss Eleanor Wilson, only woman secretary of the National YMCA, speaking yesterday at a League of Women Voters meeting, appealed for books for the camp libraries. She specified that the men wanted the ten-cent paper-covered mystery stories more than anything else, and that the magazines most wanted were the various motion-picture periodicals. "Any mystery story is more desired than any other book."

EUNICE ARMSTRONG

Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.

War Objectives

SIR: George Soule's article ("Prologue to Peace," The New Republic, January 20) begins a discussion which should be continued.

The need for a statement of our war objectives has been increasing as our country becomes more deeply involved in the conflict abroad through our defense and "aid to Britain short of war" effort. At the same time, in official quarters there seems to be an increasing emphasis on concentration on production and a corresponding desire to postpone discussion of war objectives until the war has been won. The present situation bears a striking resemblance to that of 1917-18, when discussion of possible peace terms was postponed (with considerable violence) until the war was won. Suddenly peace "broke" on an Allied world unprepared for a solution of the difficult problems of world rehabilitation. The Versailles Treaty and the other treaties so often declared the villains of the current European débâcle resulted. Surely, we should not make this same mistake again. Proposals, such as those of Senator Wheeler, however naïve, should serve as opening guns in an analysis in which the liberal magazines should take a leading part.

We have to face a number of disagreeable realities, sooner or later; better sooner, if possible. Shall Poland, which oppressed her minorities and suppressed civil liberties, be recreated in her old image? Shall Greek be substituted for Italian oppression in Albania? How is a livable Central European economy to be built up with due regard for the rights of minorities? What is to be done to prevent exploitation of subject races and prepare them for self-government? How are tariff walls, alleged causes of wars, to be leveled, with due regard for differences in standards of living? How are raw materials to be pooled? How are countries like our own, Canada, Australia, Brazil, with plenty of land, to be induced to accept immigration of displaced and surplus populations. And finally, what agency is to enforce the peace settlement, and how? And how is disarmament to be accomplished?

All these and a host more of vital problems cannot be left to the untender mercies of a post-war peace negotiated by victors in an atmosphere of hate-hysteria.

New York City HENRY G. ALSBERG

Add Ferguson Fans

SIR: I want to put in my two-bits' worth for Otis Ferguson. The Beiderbecke piece (November 18) said everything better than Dorothy Baker did, and look in what space. The reviews of "Hudson's Bay" (The New Republic, January 6) and the other action movies were, I thought, remarkable, and I took them down and read them to my freshman English classes to show the kids how richly flexible the American language can be. Ferguson not only writes like a streak, though; his opinions are sound and honest and his artistic perceptions very keen. I wish that many more movie reviewers would kick the Hollywood stuffed shirts around for their brutal misuse of what must be one of the most remarkable combinations of fine technical equipment and first-rate brains ever to exist in this country.

University of Texas, Austin, Tex. A. P. THOMASON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Many people have written to praise E. C. Lindeman's "Resources of the Mind" (The New Republic, December 2). John Rothschild, New York City, says, "Every once in a while, at crucial times, The New Republic has published an essay which gave leadership in thought. This is one of them." Bryant Drake, Rapid City, South Dakota, thought it "a splendid contribution to our thinking," and he wants more articles from Mr. Lindeman. A New Republic article which drew 100-percent praise would worry The New Republic. William E. Zeuch, Hatton, Arkansas, fortunately testifies that we aren't slipping: "Your article 'Resources of the Mind' leaves me very much dissatisfied." He says that Mr. Lindeman is replacing outworn dogmatic beliefs with other beliefs and that "the real scientist has no letdown because he has no dogmatic beliefs. . . . This attitude is the great resource of creative intelligence."

H. C. Foote, East Jordan, Michigan, supplements Herbert B. Brougham's article " 'Cost Plus' Again" (The New Republic, January 13) with a note on the practice lately introduced, he says, in England. "When costs are difficult to estimate closely, the bidder makes as close a bid as he can and government guarantees him against loss up to double the amount of his bid. For profit it pays him a percentage on the difference between his bid doubled and the actual cost. Thus incentive is shifted from extravagance, as in Cost Plus, to economy."

Identifying himself as "of English descent, with a father now in a German concentration camp," Stephen Enke, Cambridge, Massachusetts, questions the propriety of terming those who would limit aid to Britain appeasers. " 'Appeasement' of Germany was prompted in Europe by the hope that it would turn away aggression." The isolationists in this country base their case on the assumption of physical safety from possible German attack, Mr. Enke reasons. He agrees with them and believes that likening them to the men of Munich is a specious analogy.

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Books in Review

Jeremiad

"NIGHT OVER EUROPE"[1] is a detailed history of European diplomacy during the last two years, from the fall of Barcelona to the invasion of Greece. Like Professor Schuman's earlier books, "The Nazi Dictatorship" and "Europe on the Eve," it has two aspects that can be considered separately.

As a historical narrative—and that is the first aspect—it is scholarly and extremely effective. Professor Schuman has read all the colored whitewash books of all the nations that have published them—England, France, Poland, Germany—besides other state documents and private memoirs; and he has fitted his materials together into a logically satisfying account of how the war broke out and how it was continued on the diplomatic front. There are a few details that might have been added to his picture. He might, for example, have paid more attention to the international policies of the Vatican, which has become one of the great powers. He might have given more space to the various secret services, which are taking over more and more of the functions that used to be performed by accredited diplomats. For a fuller account of the Anglo-Soviet negotiations, on which the documents are not yet available, he might have used the files of The Week from April to August, 1939, when I think it was speaking unofficially for the Soviet government. But these are minor objections, and in general he tells a story that is much more complete than anything on the subject that others have written.

The chief point he makes in the historical chapters is one that he was attacked for making in "Europe on the Eve"—namely, that the British and the French were willing to surrender all the Central European countries to Hitler because they counted on his fighting a war with Russia. Schuman is now able to document his theory, besides bringing it up to date. Because of this original error, he says, everything the Allied statesmen did to avert war seemed to bring it nearer. As we read Schuman's narrative, we can hear the heavy, shambling steps of the Executioner and the lighter steps of the victims going forward to meet him. "The peoples of the West . . . did not quietly await an unknown fate with the resignation of those who have renounced life. Like desperate suicides, they sought out their destroyer, hailed him from afar, and in every way aided him to encompass their destruction."

It is a terrifying story as Schuman tells it, but it is only one aspect of the book. For what he has written is also a tract for the times, an attempt to analyze the inner nature of the war, to predict its probable course and to recommend new policies for Americans to follow. And it is this second aspect that is more open to criticism.

Schuman believes that the present conflict is the War of the World Revolution. It is being fought, he says, because our civilization has so far failed to solve either the problem of poverty or the problem of national rivalries. It will end either in the establishment of a world society or else with the world in chaos. At present "the disciples of three great faiths are aspirants for the honor of bringing political unity to mankind: Communism, Fascism, Democracy." And Schuman considers the question which of the three is likely to win.

The only chance for communism, he believes, is "a war of exhaustion in which the Reich and its satellites would be ultimately bled white and beaten by an Anglo-American coalition whose weak leaders and befuddled peoples would . . . throw away their victory once more." The chance of success for fascism is, he thinks, much greater. If help from the west comes too late to save England, then Germany can turn her armies eastward while at the same time waging a war of propaganda and infiltration against the Americas. Once Russia is conquered, the United States will stand alone in the world. And we must reckon with the possibility that a German victory over this country would be permanent, since "German genius for *Ordnung* and Nazi talent for dispensing force, fraud and favors may well prove adequate for the reordering of the world as well as of Europe."

Schuman does not believe that the fascist powers can be stopped "unless Britain, America and the USSR unite all their forces to wage unlimited war on the Triplice." Even this union of armies and navies will lead to victory only if Great Britain and America first pledge themselves irrevocably to the unification of the world—"Nothing less than this will unite the peoples who must act unitedly." The new world order must be an economic democracy "at least as efficient in production and welfare, as worthy of inspiring devotion and sacrifice in the service of its purposes as the 'National Socialism' of the Third Reich." Finally, the modern disciples of democracy "must fight 'despotism' by the means used in all ancient democracies, by the only means which will serve—*i. e.*, by 'dictatorship' to meet crises, by one-man rule if need be, so long as danger threatens; and it will threaten until the world is reborn. . . . In short, the War of the World Revolution will be won only by those who are revolutionists and by those who are more dynamic and imaginative than their enemies in their ardor to change the world."

And in short, what Schuman is proposing in the political field is not far distant from what Lewis Mumford has already proposed in the social field and Waldo Frank has proposed in terms of religion and philosophy. If the word did not arouse such opposition one might call it a humanistic and international fascism to fight and conquer racial fascism. It deserves serious consideration apart from any label we may attach to it. All these men are right in saying that we shall have to surrender a great many of our individual and political liberties if this nation is to be preserved—and if it isn't preserved, we shall have to surrender them anyway. All these men are trying to formulate a new faith to take the place of the Marxism that was becoming orthodox

[1] Night Over Europe: The Diplomacy of Nemesis, 1939-1940, by Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 634 pages. $3.50.

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during the 1930's; and the steps they have taken should be discussed more thoroughly than can possibly be done in a review. But meanwhile there is one mistake of Schuman's that has to be pointed out.

In his absorption with the weaknesses of democracy that have led it to one surrender after another, Schuman forgets to consider the weaknesses of fascism, as opposed to its crimes. He is wrong to say that "the problems of war and poverty in the fascist states have alike been 'solved' by mobilizing all the energies of great peoples for conquest"—even though he puts quotation marks around the word "solved." Among the countries now under outright fascist rule, Spain and Rumania have solved no problems whatever, not even those of keeping their people alive. Italy has won a great many diplomatic victories, but she is certainly not mobilized for conquest—indeed, her Libyan and Albanian armies are not perceptibly different from the army that retreated across the Isonzo in 1917. Japan has mobilized her energy but has not been able to apply it effectively; she is in a much more precarious position today than she was twenty years ago. In other words, fascism is not in itself a formula for conquering the world. What we have to fear is *German* fascism—that is, the combination of fascist doctrines with the best technical and administrative brains in Europe, not to mention the most unbalanced psychology. And it is still to be proved that even German fascism can survive a long war. Hitler said that he is prepared to fight on for six years, but I doubt that his audience believed him.

Through hatred of fascism, Schuman has fallen into the error of exaggerating its effectiveness, and hence exaggerating the difficulty of defeating it. If democracy can triumph only by immediately applying all the measures he advocates, then I am afraid that democracy will go down to ruin, for that imposing list of conditions is more than it could possibly meet during the next year or the next decade. I think it can still win by applying some of his measures, if it applies them quickly—and without turning fascist in the process.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Will to Learning

I Remember: The Autobiography of Abraham Flexner. New York: Simon and Schuster. 426 pages. $3.75.

LIKE THE HOBHOUSES, Stracheys and Potters of England, the Flexners have become known as one of the great social-service families in the United States. Beatrice Webb may well have written of the Flexners, as she did of the former families, that they were distinguished by their tradition of "cultivated refinement and sense of social obligation." This tradition may be explained as a hangover of the liberal idealism of the English bourgeoisie, retained from the days when they were in reality an oppressed class who—to emancipate themselves from the constrictions of feudalism—broke the power of the Stuart kings.

The grandfather of Abraham Flexner, who lived in Prague, was the first person to compile a Hebrew-Latin lexicon. His son, a teacher, emigrated to this country in 1853 and settled in Louisville, Kentucky, becoming a prosperous merchant. Abraham was born in 1866, the sixth of nine children. In the panic of 1873, his father's modest fortune was wiped out, and the struggle of the family for intellectual, as well as physical, survival begins to take on heroic proportions.

At the age of fifteen, while still attending high school, Abraham began to work in the Louisville library. Here he slowly satisfied his thirst for books—he was to be the fourth in a family line of teachers—and met the most prominent people of the city, including the Brandeis family. When he was seventeen, supported by an older brother, a pharmacist, he studied at the recently founded Johns Hopkins University for two years, after which he returned to Louisville as a high-school teacher, ultimately to found his own school. In time the prosperity of "Mr. Flexner's School" freed his benefactor from the druggist's shop so that he was able to study medicine; he became a distinguished physician. His brother Bernard became a well known lawyer, and Simon Flexner, world-renowned, has only recently retired after thirty years as director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. So operated the intellectual belt-line of the Flexner family.

Abraham Flexner knew rather early that he was not meant to be a college professor . . . "with all my reverence for learning—and this can hardly be exaggerated—I came to know that my interests were too broad to be satisfied with what is now called 'a field of concentration.'" This did not prevent him from making a number of studies which, aside from the medical field, led to the revision of penal laws relating to prostitution, to the founding of the Lincoln School of Teachers' College, and later, to the establishment of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, of which Albert Einstein was the first faculty member. Notwithstanding the "general" work for which he is supposed to have been best suited, Flexner's understanding of pertinent detail stood him in such good stead that he probably outscienced many social scientists, with their complex paraphernalia of schedules, questionnaires and sometimes garrulously abstruse tabulations.

In his work for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, he toured 155 medical schools in the United States and Canada and wrote his famous Bulletin Number Four, which led ultimately to a nationwide revolution in medical instruction and research. In 1910, only Johns Hopkins provided really first-class medical instruction. From the Carnegie Foundation Flexner was called in 1912 to the General Education Board, a Rockefeller-subsidized foundation. On the basis of his Carnegie Bulletins and additional memoranda, approximately fifty million dollars was devoted by this institution to the reorganization of medical education in the United States. This was done after Flexner had made painstaking studies of the medical systems of all the major European countries. Later, selecting schools that gave promise of improvement and of exercising a wholesome influence, Flexner became instrumental in obtaining for American schools an additional half-billion dollars in endowments. In this process, the number of colleges dropped from 155 to 60.

Though this volume purports to be an autobiography of Dr. Flexner, it is in reality the story of Dr. Flexner's quest for learning, unencumbered by politics, personal rivalries, useless methods of teaching, and opportunism. While his standards are at times too derivative from German academic values, his quest is ultimately the true scholar's quest for scientific truth.

ERIC ESTORICK

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What Was Washington Like?

Washington and the Revolution: A Reappraisal, by Bernhard Knollenberg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 269 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK is a valuable corrective to a considerable amount of historical writing on the period of the American Revolution. Mr. Knollenberg believes, as he states in his preface, that General Washington's "qualities of greatness . . . tower above his limitations"; that he was "a very brave man"; that "his coolness and resourcefulness were superb"; and that "most important of all, was the perfection of Washington's devotion to duty." But Mr. Knollenberg is not so convinced of the devotion to duty of some of our best known historical authorities. He carefully takes them to task for their timidity in the face of Washington's heroism and for their effort to make a demigod out of a man.

Mr. Knollenberg suggests that the sins of the historians may have been due to their tendency to write "from a point of view nearer that of the historical novelist than that of the scholar." The historians of the Revolution, including Trevelyan, have wished to make certain facts "consistent with their preconceived literary pattern; a pattern which demanded not only melodramatic incidents and a hero of flawless virtue and judgment, but a villain or congeries of villains to bring into relief the hero's trials and triumphs over colossal odds."

And not only the historians, but the nation needed at the time "a hero of flawless virtue and judgment." Mr. Knollenberg points out that Washington became an emblem during the Revolution of solidarity for a group of rebels without flag, anthem or common tradition except that of their enemy, and that he was the focus for the patriotic impulses of the colonists in rebellion. Sufficient time would seem to have elapsed, however, to permit us to enjoy the portrait of a man instead of the impression of a postage stamp, and Washington's character does not suffer by a realistic treatment of it. Anyone who has seen the Houdon mask of Washington in the Corcoran Gallery will recognize the validity of Mr. Knollenberg's corrections.

Washington when divested of drapery becomes a firm and tenacious character, devoted to duty and inclined perhaps to stubbornness and feelings of persecution. His concern for his duty was not equaled by his concern for his men, for like all tough generals Washington could be cruel in his insistence on discipline. Flogging he believed in to the limit, and pay for the soldiers seemed to him a negligible factor, though he was tenacious of his own property privileges. The sectional animosities and rivalries between New England and the South which were destined to end in civil war were already noticeable during the Revolution, and George Washington had the instincts and prejudices of the wealthy Virginia planter. He had, too, the patriotism to sacrifice his energies for his country and an unflinching zeal for the success of the rebellion, both of which qualities were not always shared by certain of his contemporaries. Washington's officers had a peculiar way of resigning if they didn't get their own way, and many of his men had a tendency to go home in the middle of their service. No general suffered more provocation to querulousness and suspicion than George Washington; and Mr. Knollenberg points out with authoritative references that his suspicions were frequently not based on fact, and have been frequently misinterpreted by historians to the injustice of Washington's associates.

Mr. Knollenberg's treatment of the alleged cabal headed by General Thomas Conway and implicating General Horatio Gates and a group of Congressmen will be important for future historians of the period. He concludes that the Conway Cabal is a myth, and that there was no great plot against Washington. He is also judicious enough to admit that perhaps the entire controversy is shrouded in impenetrable mists, but insists that in that case the jury of readers must not hold anyone guilty. It is in this spirit of judicious weighing of historical evidence that the whole book is written, and the result is a valuable contribution to scientific historical writing.

M. R. WERNER

Collected Waxworks

Presenting Moonshine, by John Collier. New York: The Viking Press. 327 pages. $2.50.

JOHN COLLIER in his short stories has opened up a vein of fiction that comes strangely in this time. All his pieces are in this same manner—which is not, incidentally, the more humane and engaging manner of the two novels: "His Monkey Wife" and "Defy the Foul Fiend." They are matter-of-fact in tone, smoothly joined in the writing, and deal in one way or another with the supernatural. I don't like them. They are clever and at times brilliant; they start where Poe leaves off, without ever quite achieving the memorable effect of the occasional Poe success. It is perhaps wrong to speak of them as being in any vein, for there is no blood in them; they are about everyday things in New York or London and as far away as Jules LaForgue or Patagonia. Their restraint and humor and well breeding in the presence of the clammy grotesque must inevitably suggest an exercise, controlled and deliberate; and I don't like them.

There is a fascination, though, as of rare deep-sea creatures and the life under a damp flagstone, and this sort of life beneath life is exquisitely cultivated. There is the case of the man-eating orchid which assimilated a household; there are the night shapes of life after death in the society of department stores, with the ghost-eating Black Men from the night life of undertaking parlors; there is the dim clerk who died for love of a store-window dummy; there are old men with magic bottles and a best-selling gorilla; there are even some complicated heterosexuals, though oh so faintly. There are a few stories where death or worse is neither present nor foreshadowed—one a good satire on the phony exquisite as writer, one a pretty threadbare exercise in smug innocence betrayed, etc. The devil appears and also justice, especially in the case of the man who became known in the East as the man who laughed at the Indian rope trick. Every young woman for whom the young man of the story would sign away his life is exactly as ravishing in every catalogued proportion, and as completely a blank, as the young ladies of P. G. Wodehouse; and in fact I can think of no character that can be remembered except by what happened to him.

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This is all cabinetwork of fertile imagination, a craftsman's skill, and delicate and costly woods. As such you may enjoy it thoroughly, though, as I said, it has not that extra power of the grotesque in literature which can make sleep hazardous and eating a debatable proposition. The truly striking thing about it is its urbane presence in this time, its end unto itself and apparent success with a fairly wide magazine audience. This is the man from the other side of a century or the man from the moon, but perfectly among us and easy in a dinner jacket.

OTIS FERGUSON

Landscape with Judges

The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy, by Robert H. Jackson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 317 pages. $3.

As JOHN ERSKINE did with Helen of Troy, the Attorney General of the United States has given us enough of the Supreme Court's history to explain its reputation. His book is less than a history of the Court and more than the story of the reorganization fight. It is a survey of the judicial power, foreshortened so as to concentrate for half its length on the New Deal judicial crisis. It presents a broad constitutional landscape, with the Judges of the 1933-38 Court in the foreground.

But for all that, it is a military landscape, and he paints it from the peculiar vantage-point of one who has himself been in the thick of the battle. He knows what "government by lawsuit" is because he has had to prepare the briefs and argue the cases. If consequently some bitterness and impatience have crept into the book (it is amazing how little), a good deal also of the clarity and orderliness of Mr. Jackson's mind has found its way in.

The echoes of the court fight seem muted now. But those who followed the constitutional wars know that they were not sham and bloodless battles of the categories. They were struggles for power and struggles over order. Mr. Jackson sees this clearly. That is why he has chosen to write not of judicial review but of judicial supremacy. I take it that he is willing to accept the one as part of a working scheme of government, but not the other.

Where does the distinction lie? Perhaps no sharp distinction can be drawn. Judicial review means the power of the courts to review acts of the other branches of the government. Judicial supremacy is nothing more or less than the position of overlordship which results from that power. The power of judicial review is nothing if it is not supreme. But here is Mr. Jackson's dilemma. He feels that judicial review may, if kept within bounds, be a perfectly good instrument of government. He is sure this is so in the protection of civil liberties and in keeping the states from acts of petty economic tyranny and anarchy that would pulverize the federal structure. What then remains? The courts, says Mr. Jackson, must be kept from judicial supremacy, that is, from "unwarranted interference in the economic affairs of the country."

But who decides what is warranted and unwarranted? "As the decisions now stand," Mr. Justice Holmes once admonished his colleagues, "I see hardly any limit but the sky" to the Judges' own conception of their power. And Mr. Justice Stone put the same thought in different words when he said that while the executive and legislative branches were checked by the Judges, "the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint." It is that which Mr. Jackson ultimately falls back upon—the Holmes-Brandeis-Stone-Frankfurter doctrine of judicial self-restraint as the line of distinction between judicial review and judicial supremacy.

Perhaps it is as good a formulation as you can get—and the rest has to be spelled out not in doctrinal terms but in the history of the-Court-in-action. This Mr. Jackson does admirably. He reviews the part that John Marshall (and also Taney's Dred Scot decision) played in establishing judicial supremacy. He sketches in the high points of the crucial period of the development of judicial supremacy, from the Civil War until the New Deal. He adds little that is new, but he reduces much that is well known to order and proportion.

It is when he reaches the New Deal crisis that he breaks fresh ground. Mr. Jackson divides the New Deal judicial war into four phases. The first was the period of uncertainty, in which the Court hesitated between two worlds, with four Justices definitely living in the old, three in the new, and Mr. Chief Justice Hughes and Mr. Justice Roberts commuting between both. That was in 1933 and 1934, when state reform legislation was being upheld by the Court by a 5-to-4 vote, and everyone was on tenterhooks. The second phase was in 1935 and 1936, when the commuters decided to settle down and the Court, in Mr. Jackson's words, "nullified the New Deal." With dramatic power Mr. Jackson describes the succession of blows the court inflicted on the majority will—the "storm signals" in the Hot Oil and Railroad Retirement Pension cases; then "Black Monday," May 27, 1935, when the Court handed down in a single day adverse opinions on farm debtors' relief, the President's removal power over appointees, and the NRA; then the locust swarm that was set loose of injunctions in the lower federal courts whereby a single judge might sabotage the results of years of national effort; then in succession the AAA decision, the Jones stock-fraud decision that almost turned over the SEC applecart, the Carter Coal decision, the municipal bankruptcy decision, and, as a climax, Morehead v. Tipaldo, outlawing the New York minimum-wage law, and saying in effect that neither the national government nor the state governments had power to deal with sweat-shop wages.

The third phase of crisis was what Mr. Jackson calls "the challenge" of the President to judicial supremacy—the reorganization plan. Clearly it was counter-attack against the Justices. Mr. Jackson made the best defense of the plan that it had before the Senate Judiciary Committee, but he is chary of any real defense in this book except one: that there was plenty of provocation for it. I think also he is right in saying that the alternative to the plan, once it became the center of a battle, was not some other sort of court reform but none at all. For the rest, he plays the plan itself down, contenting himself with emphasizing that while the President lost the battle, he won the war.

This victory marked the fourth phase of the crisis—the retreat of the Court to a restrained exercise of judicial review. In another long and dramatic line of cases, the Court in 1937 sought to undo all the damage it had done in 1935 and 1936. Mr. Justice Roberts switched back

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again, and the minimum-wage law of the state of Washington was called constitutional, whereas exactly the same one in New York had formerly been unconstitutional. The same temper was shown in the Labor Board cases. Moreover, and this is important, the change from judicial supremacy to judicial restraint had been accomplished without a single new appointment by the President. It was not until the change was made that Mr. Justice Van Devanter retired. It was the old Court that had reformed itself. With that reform, the New Deal constitutional crisis was at an end.

There will be others who will rework the ground Mr. Jackson has staked out. I should like to see some time an attempt to construct a theory of the nature and dynamics of constitutional crisis. Mr. Jackson, as narrator, gives a history of a particular one: but there were others—in Jefferson's time, in Taney's, during the Civil War, at the time of the income-tax decisions. What do they have in common? I suspect the answer lies in whatever it is that makes our system of constitutional interpretation too rigid for the imperatives of social change.

For the rest, Mr. Jackson sees all the implications of the story he tells. He sees that litigation has become an organic part of our political system, a way of shaping social policy, and he doesn't like it. He proposes that we deny judicial review to the lower federal courts, restrict it to a single court, and provide some means for a prompt settlement of the constitutionality of social policy, so that there will be no doubt and no long delays. If he still relies for his remedies mainly on the restraint of the Judges, he is in no different position from other spokesmen of liberal judicial thought today. My own feeling is that we shall still have to tackle the power of judicial supremacy in a constitutional crisis that may crop up once more in our generation. Mr. Jackson must think so too. In a striking parable manner at the end of the book, he tells the story of how the arrogance of the Taney of the Dred Scot decision prepared the way for the Civil War and therefore the humiliation of the Taney of the Merryman case. For it is not too far-fetched to say that the cost of judicial supremacy when it goes too far is revolution and civil war. MAX LERNER

Salute to Memory

A Man's Place, by Ramon Sender. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 280 pages. $2.50.

PEASANT LIFE is racial background; a good peasant novel can reach the heart like the crumbling house your forebears lived in. Here is a novel about life thirty years ago in a backward Aragon village that may touch a buried memory in people who never saw a village in Spain.

A man is missing from a little mountain place. Life being what it is in rural communities, the withdrawal of that one part unbalances the whole. The absentee was a worthless fellow who had married the village drab; nobody who was anybody in the village had ever had much to do with either of them. But the disappearance rocked society. The law, needing a culprit, looked the other way while the Civil Guard tortured two peasants into a false confession of murder. The church, too, was presented with a problem. Reluctantly, the wife was allowed to marry again. Time has brought the whole disorder near to healing when one day a posse of landowners brings in a chance fugitive from the mountain. Here is the fool who thought that what he did with his life was his own business. He had dropped out merely because he preferred a lonely existence in the hills to being despised as a cuckold. His return works out pretty well, on the whole, for the obscure people who live outside aging social institutions and seek to justify their existence. The wife is weary of her new husband and returns to the old; one of the accused peasants, a free-thinker, finds on his release from prison that his resolute wife has got a job and saved money. They are a little better off. The story ends with a deeply ironic comment on gentlemen: a duel between rival *hidalgos* to decide the credit for having set everything to rights.

A good deal of the author's Aragonese boyhood is packed away in this nutshell. Recall appears effortless and to have a tender accuracy. The scale is not weighted against the writer's enemies. A priest, of peasant origin to be sure, can say a word for the lowly against his own interests. A duelist can face death with dignity because he has ancestors and is performing their ritual. The social system is stagnant, but underneath the crust there is vitality and poetry. A ferment of new ideas is there, barely indicated. This is the Spain that dissolved into revolution a decade or two after the period in which these scenes are laid and that General Franco has now propped up, considerably the worse for wear. The author himself, once a famous Spanish novelist, suffered the execution of his family in the civil war and escaped to Mexico when the fighting was done. In exile the remoter past appears after a year or two, whole again in the mind, a true flower borne on the stalk of the long, tough-fibered Spanish memory. GRIFFIN BARRY

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Robespierre

AND THE FOURTH ESTATE

by Ralph Korngold

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Mission Bells Calling

South of the Border, by Arthemise Goertz. New York: The Macmillan Company. 570 pages. $3.

"SOUTH OF THE BORDER" should be described as a guide-book to the life and legends of Mexico. Miss Goertz lived with a Mexican family and became intimately acquainted with customs and traditions within a limited area. In this respect, her book is interesting for anyone contemplating a trip to Mexico. Stories of the fiestas are told with gusto and humor, while through them all the author shows a remarkable ability to recreate the color and flavor of the country and people she met. The legends which interlard the book are a trifle too well known for repetition.

There is a slightly disapproving tightening of her lips in the author's description of Diego Rivera's murals painted on the walls of Cortez's palace at Cuernavaca. "Rather sarcastic murals *attributed* to Diego Rivera" (italics mine). Perhaps modern painting on Spanish architecture is more incongruous than a Spanish church topping an Aztec pyramid, yet it is a phase of Mexico which has become an integral component of the country.

A love story slips through the book like a basting thread, but manages to give it a slender continuity.

PEGGY BAIRD

A Reader's List

HARBOR OF THE SUN, the Story of the Port of San Diego, by Max Miller (Doubleday, Doran, $3). The waterfront of San Diego covered once over lightly from its discovery by the Spaniards in 1542 to its present importance as America's strongest naval base. An intelligent and irreverent local history with ironic chapters on the work of the missions, the relentless extermination of the Indians and the comic-opera American occupation of 1846. This is the second volume in the Seaport Series.

THE GHOSTLAND, by Fred Rothermell (Lippincott, $2.50). How a nearly beaten American family escaped from the Brooklyn relief rolls to a marginal farm in the Ozarks where drought and starvation provided the final crusher. A moving novel about the "Okies who stayed at home," and the desperate, unsuccessful attempt of some of them to win relief through militant organization.

LONE STAR PREACHER, by John W. Thompson Jr. (Scribner's, $2.75). A collection of lively, fictional sketches about the doings of the Reverend Praxiteles Swan, colorful Texas preacher who joined the Confederate army to pray but remained to fight. Tailored for laughs, but essentially a vivid and realistic picture of Lee's army in camp, on the march and in battle. Illustrated with drawings by the author.

ALWAYS THE LAND, by Paul Engle (Random House, $2.50). A poet's first novel and a nice one. Mr. Engle's characters are off an Iowa farm—sturdy folk who love horses and know how to handle them. Nothing much happens but there's lots of talk, most of it horsey and all of it good. Even if you've never set foot in a stirrup you'll listen and like it.

SHORT DAYS AGO, by Renee Brand (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). What happens when people are thrust out of Germany, defenseless in the no-man's land between frontiers. Miss Brand describes their plight with horror and indignation, but her characters are only symbols for all such outcasts. The novel about them still remains to be written.

MORNING IN THE LAND, by Jessica Nelson North (Greystone Press, $2.50). Wisconsin in the middle 1800's. The hero has a run-in with city politics, leaves his true love, lives with an outcast girl in the woods, comes home and makes it up with the folks; all in all, a hardy, straightforward fellow. You've met him before and you'll meet him again.

Contributors

CLAUDE R. WICKARD, formerly Under-secretary of Agriculture, was recently appointed Secretary.

T. R. CARSKADON, formerly on the editorial staff of The New Republic, is now chief of the Education Department of the Twentieth Century Fund.

ERIC ESTORICK is an instructor in Sociology at New York University. His book, "The Liberal Conscience in England," will be published shortly.

M. R. WERNER is the biographer of Bryan, Barnum and Brigham Young. His most recent book, "Julius Rosenwald," was published in 1939.

GRIFFIN BARRY is a free-lance writer living in New York. He returned here from England late in 1939 and was connected with the Department of Agriculture in Washington until June, 1940.

PEGGY BAIRD, who lived for a year in Mexico, now spends most of her time on her farm in Connecticut.

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